Dead Ends: Capitol Hill and Westminster

The Reporter

November 27, 1951 25c

Trujillo and His Dynasty

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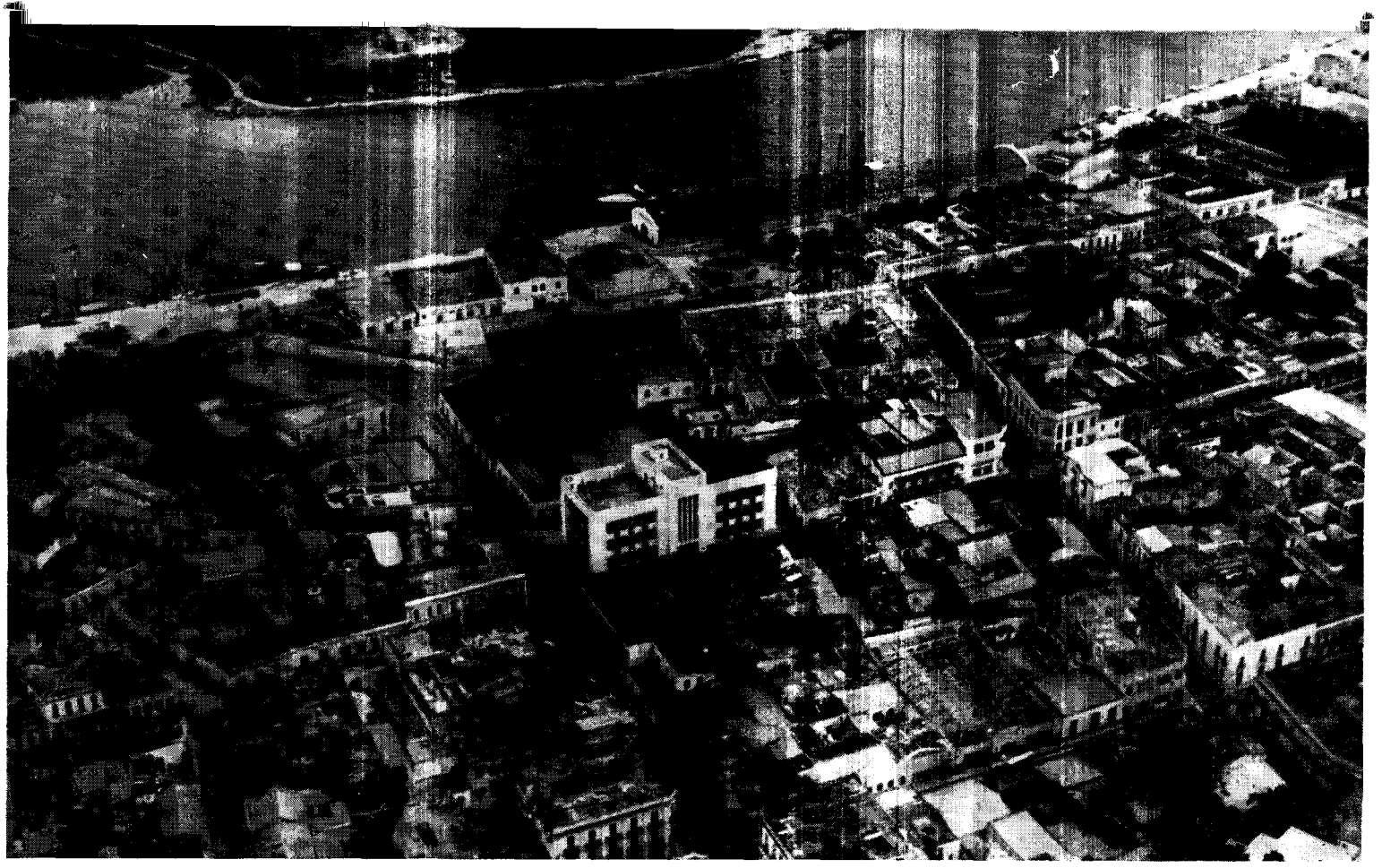

Above: An aerial view of Ciudad Trujillo; below: the Metropolitan Cathedral containing the tomb of Columbus **(see page 20)**

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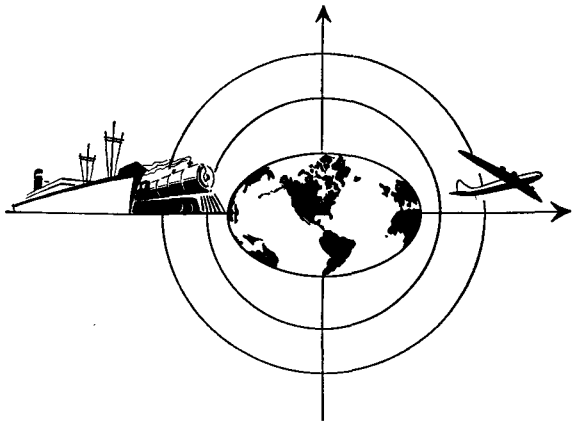

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

THE COMING OF PEACE

There are definite cyclical trends in the way the popular magazines handle the great issues of the day. For some months, the keynote has been war; not just war in general but World War III. As usual, the writers of *Time* and *Life* have been raising the loudest shriek. War is here *now,* a *Life* editorial said last December—not sometime in the future but NOW.

The *Time* and *Life* writing teams are the nimblest and most versatile of the lot. One day they can move like a powerful motorized task force, all guns blazing, on a highly strategic position. The next, they can be seen on the same ground, picking lilies and netting butterflies. So it was, as our readers may remember, with the "war now" alarm. A few weeks later, *Life* explained it had not meant war but "struggle." As for war, "Is total war 'inevitable?'" it asked. It provided the answer: "Maybe so. Maybe not."

Meanwhile *Collier's* was gathering heavy equipment for the history-making issue that came out a few weeks ago, describing World War III fought —and totally won—in the near future. And last comes the *U. S. News & World Report,* the news magazine that used to be the most factual and sober, until the MacArthur crisis came. World War III, the *U. S. News* reports, "has been here for five years." "Is being lost by the U. S., won by Russia, hands down." Ideas should be "the most potent weapon in U. S. hands."

THE *U. S. News,* we suppose, has closed the World War III cycle. World War III has been described in the present, in the future, and in the past. There are no other tenses left. Peace now has a chance for dramatic popularization, particularly if all the words that used to give color to war are enlisted in the service of peace. Peace too can be won, waged, lost; it can be cold, hot, lukewarm; it can be limited or total. We can have a trench peace, or a mobile, lightning one. The possibilities are nearly infinite.

This is a welcome change of pace—particularly considering that with the coming of the peace cycle we will hear more and more about what we need most—that is, ideas. Gone is the day when the scared reader of popular publications was dinned with talk about big divisions. This is the time for big ideas.

But what are the big ideas? They cannot be just concerned with insurrection and sabotage in Communist-occupied countries. They must, as the *U. S. News* says, "sell freedom in practical terms." This means, we assume, terms that give people crushed under totalitarianism a gleam of hope—the hope that they too may some day enjoy a measure of privacy and of control over the elementary conditions of their lives. But then how can these magazines themselves welcome to our side régimes and leaders that still practice thought control? How does this fit into the salemanship of freedom?

AS USUAL, it was *Life* that started the new cycle. In an editorial last month its writers said that Truman "is not waging the political struggle vigorously enough." What do they mean by the political struggle that has to be "waged and won"? For peace, of course. With what kind of ideas? Or perhaps the editors of *Life* have a substitute for the word "peace" up their sleeves, just as they had for the word "war" a year ago.

THE MELTING POT

The failure of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to stop off in New York City during their recent tour of the New World must have come as a bitter disappointment to Mayor Vincent Impellitteri. By a striking coincidence, Impy, who is quite a traveler himself, would have been in New York to welcome the royal couple. The reception would surely have been the climax to his years of faithful service at public ceremonies. What was even more provoking, time seemed to be hanging heavy on Impy's hands during the Princess's American visit.

Oh, to be sure, there was that tiresome dock strike which had made it necessary for the Mayor to carry some of his own luggage ashore after his Mediterranean jaunt, but that was apparently no concern of his. The President, the Governor, and assorted government officials and civic leaders were making a big fuss over it, but the Mayor of New York City maintained his usual composure and said very little.

After all, what could he do? Frank Sampson, a former leader of Tammany Hall is the mayor's administrative assistant (Translation: dispenser of patronage) and has helped Impy get about every political job he's ever held, including the present one. And Frank Sampson has a brother named John Joseph Sampson, usually called "Gene" Sampson, who set off the wildcat longshoremen's strike, and who wants to show that he runs the New York docks. The Sampson brothers have always been Impy's friends.

A sticky situation for Impy, one best left entirely alone. You don't just go around *settling* strikes like that.

How much nicer it would have been to take tea with a princess!

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEWS MAGAZINES

To the Editor: In view of the current suspicion of Soviet Russia and Communism in America (a suspicion I share), an introduction to the proposal to follow seems advisable.

I am a respected member of a large corporation. I am second-generation native-born American, my parents being of Swedish and German extraction. I vote a mixed ticket, but am registered a Democrat, although I have publicly endorsed one or two Republicans. I was, I believe, passed by the security board during my previous connection with a special research group of reserve officers (at any rate, I filled out the pink "Communist check sheet," and have not since been visited by the FBI). The only known blot on my record is an essay, written for credit in a college English course in 1942, defending the attack on Finland by Russia as a defensive move having many precedents in the history of other large nations.

In short, I am not a Communist.

I have, however, become increasingly irritated by the methods used by the slick news magazines in slanting the news. Having long admired *The Reporter,* I thought of suggesting to you that one of your journalists investigate the methods they use and expose them in your magazine. It seems to me that this would be a valuable service: The literate public has no other source of detailed news and news interpretation worth mentioning than *Life-Time-Newsweek-U.S. News-Quick-Look* (note the qualification "detailed"), yet all of these, I submit, are something less than aboveboard in their "honest, unbiased" presentation of the news. They actually, I submit, use concealment, faint praise, literary trickery, ridicule, and other methods to discredit liberal government and promote the conservative view.

That accusation sounds large, and it is. Yet I have myself noted the following techniques:

1. The use of ridicule of the Administration as a set policy.

2. The technique of giving an "impartial" report of a public debate between, say, General Marshall and Senator Wiley, with the (supposedly) full quotation of the statements of each. Yet Wiley's accusations are printed on a par with the general's, as though Wiley's vicious accusations needed no more proof than Marshall's quoting from the record. And Wiley's summing-up speech comes last, with no rebuttal of the general's being printed. Thus, Wiley and Marshall are put on a par of statesmanship and verity, and Wiley has the last word. (Noted in one of the news magazines.)

3. The technique (might I call it the notorious "big-lie" technique?) of manufacturing public opinion by constant repetition of such statements as "The public does not trust Acheson," even though the public could not possibly form an opinion of unknown specific acts of a Secretary of State until the press tells it what opinion to have.

4. The use of the "Letters" column to convince and disarm the readers by printing anti-racial-bias letters, letters attacking the magazine, and pro and con letters. Yet the letters are loaded: "Pro-Administration" letters are usually hysterical and foolish, while "anti-Administration" letters are literate and scholarly. (*The Reporter* uses this technique also.) The liberality of the tone of the Letters column outside the political sphere and the cheek-by-jowl pro and anti letters lull the reader into believing that he is getting an unbiased sampling of public opinion. This carries over into his opinion of the whole magazine.

5. The pseudo-liberal tone of articles in the body of the magazines, with featured columnists (such as Henry Hazlitt of *Newsweek*) pounding home the laissez-faire theory, and lambasting everything a Democrat ever did. Thus the respected "names" tell the "truth," while the magazine itself says, "We bend over backward . . ."

6. Finally, a fairly recent item to stick in my craw: in the August 20 issue of *Life,* editorial page, quoting a war widow: "We both had sort of liberal ideas, and for a long time we believed the anti-Chiang line."

This editorial is particularly sickening, since it mixes an undoubtedly sincere opinion with the natural sympathy for a bereaved woman, so that her statements take on the finality of a word from beyond the grave. The accompanying almost reasonable editorial (not new to *Life*) further confuses the reader's judgment with his emotions.

EDGAR M. PETERSON
Chicago

'SOCIALIZED MEDICINE'

To the Editor: I would like to congratulate you upon the publication of Dr. Max Seham's factual article, "The Government in Medicine," in the September 13 issue of *The Reporter.*

As the slogan "socialized medicine" has been used by the opponents of a National Health Program in a derogatory sense, and as those who have used this slogan do not explain what the term means but hint that it means the invasion of government into the practice of medicine, I think it is timely that the public should have an opportunity to realize what government has been doing for over half a century in the practice of medicine.

As government has taken over more and more activity in the problems of public and private health, there has always been objection on the part of organized medicine, but so far as I know nothing which government has taken over has been taken away from government, nor has any suggestion been made that it should be taken away. This makes me believe that what government has done has probably been done well. Of course, at the present time you cannot separate public health from private health and the care of the individual. Dr. Seham emphasizes this point.

In addition to educating the public in regard to what government is doing in medicine, I believe your article will educate the medical profession. In my experience many doctors are unaware of the role that government plays in their private practice.

CHANNING FROTHINGHAM, M.D.
Chairman, Committee for the Nation's Health
Washington, D.C.

'DEMOCRATIC DECLINE'

To the Editor: Every fact used by Louis Baldwin to discredit and to deprecate Dean Hewlett Johnson (*The Reporter,* October 30) to my mind seemed impeccably correct, yet in reviewing the Red Dean's case history Baldwin chose to employ a style of thundering superficiality—and to miss completely the lesson to be gleaned from that case history.

In the light of present Soviet intransigence it is easy for Baldwin to penetrate the shreds and patches of Dean Johnson's preachments. The dean, to the free and unfettered western democratic mind, is clearly indicted with using a "pseudo-scientific system of cockeyed logic" and is therefore to be rejected.

Baldwin laments that the dean's "appointment by the head of the church . . . makes him virtually irremovable. . . . Only if he is convicted of a felony may the archbishop remove him; otherwise he can be rooted out only by an Act of Parliament, a deliberative body with a few other things on its mind." Let me ask how long it would take the Eighty-second Congress, also with a few other things on its mind, to remove an official as Red as Dean Johnson, if it were its prerogative to do so?

No, the answer lies in the fact that the political atmosphere of Britain allows a man advocating an egregious course of action "to stand as a monument to the freedom with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." This elementary and vital exercise of the democratic process was a point upon which Baldwin could profitably have dwelt. It is a measure of democratic decline in America that on one hand the British allow their Dean of Canterbury to pursue unmolested his slavish and inconsistent line, whereas the United States, like the U.S.S.R., will not allow heresy to be voiced even by a non-policymaking government official.

MILES M. PAYNE
San Diego

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

The free world seems to be having an almost continuous Election Night. Now that Churchill is back in power, the great decision is ours. There is enough of a stalemate now in Washington. Our own interest and that of the free world demand that it be broken in 1952.

Lindsay Rogers is a member of the Department of Public Law and Government at Columbia University. . . . **Philip M. Stern** has contributed frequently to *The Reporter*. **H. G. Nicholas,** a Fellow of New College at Oxford, has written a study of the British elections of 1950. . . . **William Clark** writes for the *Observer* of London. . . . **Woodrow Wyatt,** Under-Secretary of State for War in the last British Labour Government, was returned to Parliament last month. . . . **Edwin Samuel** spent most of the years between 1920 and 1947 as a British administrator in Palestine. . . . **Theodore Draper,** historian and journalist, reported from Mexico and Guatemala for this magazine last year. . . . **Edith Rose** is a free-lance writer who recently returned from South America. . . . **Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber** is a political columnist for *Paris-Presse*. . . . **Jean Lyon,** formerly a correspondent for the New York *Times* in China, is now traveling in India. . . . **Jacob K. Javits** represents New York City's 21st Congressional District in the House of Representatives. . . . **James Baldwin's** article "A Negro in Paris" appeared in the June 6, 1950, issue of *The Reporter*. . . . **Virginius Dabney** is editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. . . . Cover by **Hallman;** inside cover photographs from Black Star and Acme.

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The Decisive Election

ONCE MORE a national political contest has ended in a draw, and only thanks to an electoral system that magnified a slight shift of popular opinion is something like a Conservative majority now running the British Government. This surging and ebbing of opposing political forces around the fifty-yard line is by no means peculiar to contemporary Britain. Indeed, Britain is a lucky country, for its big parties are both democratic. There are nations in western Europe cut nearly in half, with an unsteady democratic coalition on one side and a potential "people's democracy" on the other.

This curse of half-and-half—this actual or threatened deadlock that makes governments hang to power by their fingertips rather than grasp it firmly—afflicts different countries in different ways. In some, it produces almost complete paralysis of government; in others, it merely impedes the government's freedom of action. In continental Europe it is supposedly produced by too many parties, or by that obnoxious contrivance of democratic fundamentalism, proportional representation, or by the subversive influence of Communism. But Britain doesn't suffer from these diseases any more than we do. And let's not forget our own stalemate: the conflict between the Administration and its motley opponents that stifles our country's fight against international Communism and domestic inflation.

Philosophies and Dentures

There must be some common causes for this epidemic of popular indecisiveness that has reached even the most robust of the democracies. The people can answer only the questions, choose between the alternatives, that the political parties put to them. In Britain, where the two-party system lives up to textbook perfection, we see in the clearest form a trend which is to be found in all contemporary democracies. The alternatives put to the voter are at the same time too broad and generic, and so personal, so related to his private life, as to border on indiscretion. In Britain, socialism and free enterprise are the two heralded ideologies, both of them so big and difficult to realize in their theoretical purity that most citizens cannot help being baffled and dismayed. Certainly the British voter knows that the railroads are not running any better now that they have been nationalized. But he is told that the choice he makes at the polls will affect his job, his diet, and his false teeth.

When a party can claim the credit for social-security checks or for medical assistance, then its politicians are exposed to temptations that human nature in any latitude or set of circumstances could scarcely resist. They cannot help letting the citizen know that a vote against them is a vote against Santa Claus.

As a matter of fact, Labour's right to the Santa Claus role in Britain is rather doubtful, just as our arch-conservatives are not particularly well informed when they single out British social legislation as a horrible example of "socialism" and "statism" in action. Actually, the wartime Churchill Government acknowledged and endorsed the pattern of equality that for five years was forced on the British people by Hitler's war. Death, or the constant threat of it, has a very equalitarian impact on a nation that faces it as bravely as Britain did. The Labour Government codified and extended the rights that Britons started enjoying and certainly earned in the sleepless nights and the harassed days of the blitz and of the V-bombs. They are a nation of veterans—a circumstance that our own politicians, never deaf to veterans' appeals, should easily understand.

The British know, of course, that their new rights have become imbedded in the constitution of the land. In the same way, it is inconceivable that the social-security measures introduced by the Roosevelt and the Truman Administrations would be repealed by any Republican majority. But it just so happens that many people who early in a campaign play with the idea of voting against the party of social reform decide, when Election Day arrives, not to take any chances. This condition of things makes for stuffy ruling parties, unwilling to acquire new ideas or to revise their ways of doing things. It makes for conservatism—even if it is the conservatism of

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the parties that used to stand on the Left. Indeed, the old Tory leaders must have an exceptional hold on the people to have won even so tenuous and precarious a victory.

What the People Weren't Told

Hardening of the opposite political forces is far from being the only cause of the political stalemates. During the recent campaign, the British voters were told about cloudy ideologies or reforms that cannot be repealed; they were told that their pocketbook or their glasses were at stake. But they were not given a choice between alternative solutions as to how to close the dollar gap or how to bring exports and imports into balance without further lowering their standard of living. The electorate could not vote on these questions, for the candidates themselves did not know how to answer them. Yet these are the questions on which the immediate destiny of England depends. For the truth is that none of the basic problems of any nation can be tackled—much less solved—in terms of national politics.

The politicians do not like to tell the people this fact, for they would rather not face it themselves. They go on running their business as usual, preempting all possible positions in the political spectrum, from platitude to near-dream. The British politicians have figured out a variety of solutions to their people's plight, ranging all the way from the hope of an American loan as usual to the mirage of a fabulous, cockeyed position on the Far Left between Tito and Stalin. But neither the most hardened Conservative nor the most extreme Bevanite has told the bare truth: that elections conducted within the framework of the present national institutions, with so many supranational forces affecting the people's life, and over which the people have no control, can solve very little. The people feel this. Their verdict is indecisive, perhaps because they sense that there isn't much, if anything, that they can decide about what matters most. And the people are right.

No Place For a Stalemate

An election is coming up that must not end in a draw. The man who will be elected President of the United States in 1952 will be the head of the only democratic nation that still has power of initiative and decision. It is fortunate that at the head of Britain there is now a statesman whose political skill may somehow compensate for the weakness of his country and of his party—although we can be certain that for whatever personal service he may render to the allied cause Winston Churchill will charge us rather high brokerage fees. But our leadership cannot be farmed out—not even to Winston Churchill. It must come from the elected and responsible head of the American nation.

The politicians, of course, would like to do their job as usual. This is just another Presidential year to most of them. Why should they worry if so many of the elections in the democratic countries end with the people lined up on the 49-51 edge? The politicians' concern with foreign peoples in a Presidential year is strictly limited to the so-called "foreign-language" groups over here.

We are running the danger that here too the issues of the campaign will be stated in terms at the same time too vague and too personal—with the truth omitted. The party that has been in power for twenty years can once more ask its reward for the benefits that a very large number of citizens have received during its Administration. The other party has taken up the battle cry of the fight against socialism, or, according to a certain vicious lunatic fringe, Communism—Communism in government, of course. And so with the old game going on as if it were just another Presidential year, we may be deafened with tirades against creeping socialists and economic Bourbons. In the electoral frenzy, there is a danger that the American people may not hear much about the main fact: that it is up to them and to the man they elect to make decisions for all the peoples who are not under Communism but who have lost most of their own power of decision.

This is why such a large number of citizens of both parties or no party are thinking of Eisenhower. Some even go so far as to hope he will receive both nominations—a solution that would be desirable in these exceptional times if the Republican leadership would eliminate from its counsels all the McCarthys, and the Democratic leadership all the McCarrans. Eisenhower knows from his European experience that democracy can be saved not just by helping the democratic parties within each nation, but by creating new supranational institutions, through which the basic problems of the democratic peoples—their unbalanced economies, their exposure to Communist sedition—can at long last be tackled and solved. Within this interlocking system of old and new federations—the U.N., the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Atlantic Alliance, united Europe—the old countries will again be able to control their own destiny, and the crushing burden now being carried by America alone will gradually be lifted.

Eisenhower, as head of our nation, can at the same time represent the American people and the broader allied constituency that has no vote but whose survival is interwoven with ours. This is the task that the hope and the confidence of the free world impose on Eisenhower.

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Who Directs U.S. Foreign Policy?

With Pentagon and Senate pushing the State Department, our diplomacy is bound to become more rigid and less consistent

LINDSAY ROGERS

THE IDES of October, 1951, may live to embarrass this and succeeding Administrations. In the middle of the month Senator H. Alexander Smith (Rep., N.J.), a member of the subcommittee on nominations of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, made public the fact that he had submitted a five-point questionnaire to the ten delegates and alternates to the U.N. General Assembly and that the State Department had permitted its nominees to answer. All of them assured Senator Smith that they agreed with his well-known views on not recognizing the People's Republic of China, on not seating a Chinese Communist delegate on the Security Council, and on the desirability of safeguarding Formosa "for the Chinese people."

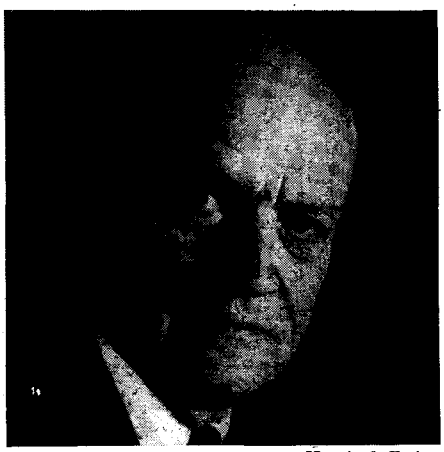
Future historians will differ on the merits and demerits of the diplomacy of the Truman Administration. But they will agree, I think, that during Dean Acheson's tenure as Secretary of State there was a marked decline in the independence of the department he headed. The historians will be able to tell their readers whether certain events that seemed crepuscular at the time were of transient importance or whether they foreshadowed basic shifts of authority and power within our Constitutional framework.

We are accustomed to the State Department's being shoved into the background when a President wishes to act as his own Secretary of State. Woodrow Wilson did this frequently, and Franklin Roosevelt continually ignored Cordell Hull. President Truman has overruled the State Department only rarely. His principal interference was on Palestine, when he thought that issue might be a vote getter. Under Acheson the department has surrendered authority not so much to the President as to the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congress.

Foggy Bottom's Eclipses

At least four important State Department decisions have recently been taken under pressure from the Joint Chiefs. All four were viewed with apprehension and alarm by our allies in the Atlantic pact. The decisions themselves may turn out to be wise or foolish, but the question of how they were reached is perhaps equally important.

In September, 1950, at the New York meeting of the Foreign Ministers, Acheson abruptly announced that the American government favored the immediate rearming of West Germany. The proposal took Ernest Bevin and Robert Schuman by surprise, and they had to communicate with their governments for instructions. Similarly, the desire of the United States to have airfields and naval bases in Spain originated in the Pentagon rather than at Foggy Bottom. After acquiescing in a policy heartily disliked by Great Britain and France, the State Department endured the humiliation of having the negotiations with Spain conducted by an admiral. In the case of German rearmament, French objections and adverse opinion within Germany (which apparently came as a surprise to the State Department) have postponed action. British and French attitudes ruled out any possibility of Spain's admission to the Atlantic pact, and the United States had to proceed bilaterally.



Harris & Ewing

H. Alexander Smith

A third case to illustrate the thesis that the military have become the important source of American foreign policy took place between March 5 and June 21, 1951, when the Deputy Foreign Ministers of the United States, Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union held the amazing total of seventy-four meetings in Paris to discuss a possible agenda for a meeting of the four Foreign Ministers. No agenda was agreed upon, but it was an open secret that Great Britain and France were willing for a meeting to take place and that the United States was hesitant. Why? The one plausible explanation was that the American military authorities thought that a meeting of the Big Four at that time would be premature. It might raise popular hopes that agreement between the Soviet Union and the western world was possible at least on some matters, and the resulting *détente* would lesson "the sense of urgency" that was persuading Congress to grant huge sums and was speeding up industrial production. About three months after the Deputy Foreign Ministers threw in the sponge, Mr. Truman started proposing new negotiations with the Soviet Union. By then, Congress was on the point of adjourning.

The fourth case concerns the admission of Turkey and Greece to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Here

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again the United States was able to wring agreement from the other members of the organization, but Denmark and Norway may long delay parliamentary approval. He who pays the piper can call the tune, but sometimes the piper knows more about tunes than does the one who pays him.

Congress to the Fore

That Congress would play an increasing role in determining the foreign policy of the United States has been inevitable and, within limits, proper. International affairs now require far more legislation and more frequent and larger appropriations than ever before. The Military Assistance Program, reciprocal trade agreements, the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund, Greek and Turkish aid, the Marshall Plan, and agreements that deal with aviation and health, labor conditions, narcotics, displaced persons, human rights—foreign affairs are no longer the exclusive preserve of the State Department but cut across the interests of many other Washington departments and agencies and must go before different Congressional committees. The danger is that Congress will be demagogic and that the Senate will interpret "advice and consent" as the authority to determine policy.

There are many recent examples of Congressional assertiveness and even demagogy. When the House of Representatives voted to withhold aid from the United Kingdom so long as the partition of Ireland was not corrected, its aberration was temporary. But in 1950, Congress rewrote the Far Eastern Economic Assistance Act to include a grant to Nationalist China, and in the omnibus appropriation bill provided for a mandatory loan to Spain. Legislative riders have sought to deny financial assistance to the countries that permit trade with the Soviet Union and its satellites. Last January, when there was great resentment about the entry of the Chinese Communist "volunteers" into the Korean War, Congress called upon the U.N. to declare Red China an aggressor and resolved that it should not be admitted to the U.N.

This May, when there seemed to be reluctance about taking the succeeding steps logically demanded by the resolution branding the Chinese Communists as aggressors, the House and the Senate cut parliamentary red tape and, with

Harris & Ewing

Edward J. Flynn

no dissenting votes, demanded that members of the United Nations put an embargo on shipments of war materials to Communist China. More recently the Senate called unanimously for a trade embargo on Czechoslovakia in retaliation for its government's behavior in the Oatis case. The Administration accepted all these Congressional interventions with little protest, and further allowed its hand to be forced by Congressional instructions on Far Eastern questions, on the list of countries that should receive economic assistance, on East-West trade, and on reprisals against certain governments. In September, fifty-six of the "Asialationist" Senators declared their opposition to the recognition of Communist China, a performance reminiscent of the "round robin" of October, 1919, when thirty-seven Senators warned Woodrow Wilson that they did not approve of the draft of the League of Nations Covenant then being discussed.

During the hearings by the Senate committees on the removal of General MacArthur from his Far Eastern posts, Secretaries Marshall and Acheson were compelled to harden their policies more than they had previously desired. If he had not been mindful of Senatorial views, it is doubtful whether Assistant Secretary of State Rusk would have made a speech declaring that the Nationalist Government "more authentically represents the views of the great body of the people of China, particularly their historic demand for independence from foreign control" than does the Peiping Government—a sentiment which, an embarrassed Acheson declared, did not mark any change in the Administration's policy.

Congress, through its committees, inquires into and, like a Monday-morning quarterback, pronounces authoritative judgment on the misplays of a game that is over. Let us accept the conclusion that our China policy from 1942 on has resulted in a catastrophe that could have been averted. President Roosevelt, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Secretaries of State, and certain ambassadors were the architects of that policy, and their responsibility for its lack of success is a matter in which Congress has a legitimate interest. But its committees seem to be primarily concerned with reports made by junior foreign-service officers. At the time the reports were submitted, they were approved by the military men who saw them and by the superiors of the State Department officers. It is as if the directors of a corporation which had lost an important lawsuit demanded of its attorneys that they furnish for its inspection the preliminary memoranda written by law clerks. No law firm would make such disclosures. It would say that the lawyers who prepared and argued the case were responsible. And what would be thought of the intelligence of a board of directors that showed more interest in the clerks than in the judgment of the senior partners?

Ambassadors

It is "with the advice and consent" of the Senate that the President appoints ambassadors and other public officials. Thomas Jefferson, when Secretary of State, thought that the Senate should do no more than "see that no unfit person be employed." Recently, the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on nominations has shown an interest in the political views of persons nominated to represent the United States abroad. This is new. To be sure, when President Roosevelt wished to send Bronx Boss Edward J. Flynn to Australia in 1943, the Committee paid attention to the "paving-block" episode and asked about Flynn's knowledge of or interest in Australia. Similarly, the Senate subcommittee examined Mayor William O'Dwyer for two days and, without publishing the hearings, recommended his confirmation as ambassador to Mexico. But the practice has been to recommend confirmation with no hearings at all, or after assurances of the nominee's fitness.

On September 22, 1951, the subcom-

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mittee examined Chester Bowles, who had been nominated as ambassador to India. Bowles gave the committee an autobiographical sketch and then answered questions concerning his views on India, the Soviet Union, and the possibility of a cease-fire settlement in Korea. A note to the published hearings states that they were held in executive session and "subsequently edited for security reasons." It might have been more accurate to say that the deletions were made in order not to give offense to states and individuals who were discussed. The context of the deletions shows that there were interchanges on, in Senator Smith's phrase, "the attitude of India toward the admission of Communist China into the United Nations." Bowles said that it would be "blackmail" to accept a cease-fire settlement on the basis of admitting Chinese Communist representatives to the United Nations and turning over Formosa to the Peking Government. "I am glad you feel that way," Senator Smith told Mr. Bowles, "because I feel that very strongly." Bowles was confirmed.

Senator Smith still felt strongly when he submitted his questionnaire to the Paris delegates. The State Department did not tell the delegates that they should refuse to reply, that the official policy of the government was known to the Senate committee, that the persons who went to Paris would be given instructions, that they would have to follow those instructions, and that their individual views on certain points were not germane to an efficient performance of the Senate's Constitutional duty to see to it, as Jefferson said, that "no unfit person be employed."

Harris & Ewing

William O'Dwyer

When there is a clash between a government's instructions and weighty private convictions, men who hold office face an ancient dilemma. No statement of it has been more luminous or profound than the one Edmund Burke made in 1774 to his electors at Bristol. He told them that he would regard his constituents' opinions as "weighty and respectable" but he would have no "*authoritative* instructions, *mandates* issued which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, although contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience." Some modern constitutions have vainly sought to enthrone Burke's ideal by declaring that members of the legislature must not take orders from constituents or party chiefs.

But it is inevitable that many Deputies seeking re-election will make their consciences obsequious to votes. Despite the fact that members may obey such mandates, national legislatures do get laws passed. In the field of international relations, when different governments have clashing interests and policies, unbreakable instructions to their representatives risk dooming international gatherings to futility. No agreement is possible unless some governments soften the instructions they have given their delegates, and that is the more difficult if a policy has been announced in detail, for then any modification may be thought a diplomatic defeat.

'Senatorial Caesar'

But those who represent their countries face the question that concerned Burke: Should an ambassador sacrifice "his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience" in order to avoid departure from public life? When Frederick the Great took Silesia, he remarked that he could get some professor of international law to justify his action. In the western world of today intellectual integrity is not so readily for sale. But men must decide when to agree to represent their countries, even though they disagree with some of their instructions, and when not to. It is a new and dangerous precedent when a subcommittee arrogates the right to issue the mandates. Upon what meat doth this Senatorial Caesar feed that he is grown so great?

In this article I have been concerned only with outside pressures that influence and even humiliate the Department of State. I express no opinion on the conditions, if any, that might warrant recognition of the People's Republic of China or some new régime for Formosa. One concluding remark, however, on the desire of many of our allies to seat a delegate from Communist China on the Security Council—a remark not on the merits of the proposal, but on the procedure that Acheson, with Senator Smith's approval, intends to follow.

Harris & Ewing

Chester Bowles

In his testimony before the Senate committees during the MacArthur hearings, Acheson said that when such a proposal is made again, we do not expect to find a majority against us. But if, unhappily, we were in a minority, "The thing to do would be to ask the World Court what the significance of a veto of a permanent member on this matter is." No Senator was sufficiently well briefed to cross-examine the Secretary and to remind him that on April 14, 1949, the Assembly by a vote of 43 to 6 (with two abstentions) passed a resolution listing a number of matters which, in the opinion of the Assembly, were "procedural" and should not be subject to the veto. One of the matters was "approval of credentials of representatives of members of the Security Council." The United States strongly supported this resolution, and its counsel might, therefore, be somewhat embarrassed in arguing to the World Court that the U.S. delegates should have the power to veto the seating of a delegate from Communist China. And would the World Court be likely to permit a veto that forty-three members of the Assembly, including the United States, had thought would be improper?

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Loopholes for Tax Millions

Provisions of the 1951 bill benefit coal, oil, and gas operators, corporate 'spinners off'—almost everybody but the public

PHILIP M. STERN

On the evening of September 28, 1951, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois rose in the Senate and asked for one minute to explain the vote he was about to cast against the tax bill. He confined his remarks to the quotation of a paragraph from Franklin D. Roosevelt's celebrated veto message of the 1943 tax bill: "It has been suggested by some that I should give my approval to this bill on the ground that having asked the Congress for a loaf of bread to take care of this war for the sake of this and succeeding generations, I should be content with a small piece of crust. I might have done so if I had not noted that the piece of crust contained so many extraneous and inedible materials."

"Extraneous and inedible materials" helped make the 1951 tax bill one of the most controversial in recent times —rejected once by the House and reluctantly signed by a President faced with a multi-billion-dollar deficit.

These "materials" are the so-called tax loopholes, provisions which give special tax treatment to special groups. They go under such names as "the two-for-one offset." "corporate spin-offs," "percentage depletion," and "collapsible corporations." They are little known to the average taxpayer, who is unable to avail himself of their advantages, and who takes on the burden of the hundreds of millions of dollars that slip through the loopholes, either in the form of higher taxes or in the form of an inflationary deficit.

Depletion or Repletion?

Let us consider percentage depletion. This is a meaningless term to most taxpapers, but one which is expected to cost the Treasury over $750 million in revenue in 1951. Applicable to industries which involve exhaustible resources, such as oil, gas, or coal, depletion allowances are roughly comparable to "depreciation allowances," whereby ordinary companies are given tax-free allowances for the wearing out of plant and equipment. For example, a company owning a million-dollar factory with a twenty-year life is allowed $50,000 of income free in tax each year for twenty years. Percentage depletion is different, however, in two vital respects. First, depletion allowances, say for oil, are a percentage not of the value of the oil well, but of the *income* from the well. If an oil well costing a million dollars earns $5 million in the first year, the 27.5 per cent tax-free depletion allowance would come to $1.375 million—over twenty times the ordinary depreciation allowance and more than the total cost of the well—in the first year alone. Second, depletion allowances do not stop: They go on as long as the well does. Treasury Department figures show that at the rates of depletion allowances taken in 1947 by the oil industry its companies could have "depreciated" their properties sixteen times.

The 27.5 per cent depletion allowances accorded the oil-and-gas industries are the most generous (the percentage has been fifteen for most metals and minerals, five for coal), and the tax benefits to that industry have been enormous. In 1947, 344 corporations surveyed by the Treasury Department, accounting for roughly three-fourths of all depletion allowances, were allowed in tax-free income $760 million more than ordinary depreciation would have permitted, for a tax saving of $290 million. For all companies receiving depletion allowances the tax benefit was $400 million in 1947, and more than three-quarters of a billion dollars this year.

Percentage depletion also has huge tax advantages for individuals who are fortunate enough to earn most of their income from oil and gas. Ten such individuals, according to a Treasury Department study, earned a total of $62 million over a five-year period. But after taking depletion and other special deductions, which left about three-fourths of their incomes tax-free, these millionaires paid the same tax rate as a person then earning about seven thousand dollars a year. One gas-and-oil operator, who would ordinarily have had to pay eighty-five per cent of his $14.3-million income, actually paid taxes amounting to only 0.6 per cent.

Few would advocate the outright abolition of depletion allowances, for the expansion of the oil industry following the initial adoption of this tax program in 1926 was indeed impressive. However, since the $750-million loss in revenues for 1951 from depletion allowances eats into the public purse just as effectively as do the airline or shipping or farm subsidies (although more inconspicuously), the opponents of the current depletion allowances raise the question: "Should not this tax privilege, which is nothing more than a gigantic subsidy to the oil and mining industries, be subject to the public spotlight of the appropriation process, as are farm and shipping subsidies? Is it not possible that the subsidy of roughly half a billion dollars is unnecessarily large for the oil industry, inasmuch as thirty major oil companies have earned eleven to twenty-one per cent on their invested capital, *after taxes,* since the war?"

Unstoppable Loopholes

Percentage depletion illustrates two characteristics of tax loopholes that give them an importance more endur-

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ing than the annual revenue losses involved. One is that the process of creating a tax loophole is an irreversible one. Once the benefits of a loophole have been enjoyed, it is too financially painful for the beneficiaries and too politically painful for the legislators who write tax laws to abolish or even to reduce the loophole. A proposal to reduce the depletion allowance for oil and gas from 27.5 per cent to fifteen was smothered in the Senate, 71-9.

Secondly, a tax loophole is, in a sense, like a malignant tumor: It spreads itself through the system. Once a tax benefit has been granted one group, there is no reason for denying it to all comparable groups. On the contrary, it is positively discriminatory to do so—a rationalization for chipping away at the edges of existing loopholes.

Percentage depletion, for example, started with oil and gas in 1926 and was extended to metals, sulphur, and coal in 1932. Many nonmetals which were added in 1942, supposedly as a temporary wartime incentive, were made permanent members of the depletion family in 1947. The 1951 tax bill adds over twenty nonmetallic minerals, only five of which have sufficient strategic importance to warrant special government exploration incentives. Even oyster and clam shells are included this year. Although our known coal reserves are expected to last two thousand years, depletion allowances for coal were raised from five to ten per cent. The Senate Finance Committee found that coal needed the "more favorable tax treatment" because of the inroads made by oil and gas, which, in turn, owe their success to an even higher depletion allowance.

Another loophole considerably widened by the 1951 tax bill is one treating coal income as "capital gains," so as to make it taxable up to a special maximum rate of twenty-five per cent rather than at the usual income-tax rates of up to ninety-two per cent for individuals and eighty-two per cent for corporations. In 1943, Congress opened a small crack in the tax law by declaring that all profits from timber sales should be considered capital gains. An attempt to grant capital-gains treatment to certain oil royalties failed in 1950, but the loophole was attacked from a different angle in 1951—with royalty payments to coal owners.

Leading the opposition to this provision in the 1951 debate was the Senate's youngest member, Louisiana's Russell Long, son of "The Kingfish." Long had hardly begun to speak when Senator A. Willis Robertson from the coal-producing State of Virginia rose to inquire whether there was "any coal mined in Louisiana." To this Senator Long replied: "The question is raised that coal is not produced in my state. Mr. President, last year I spoke against the Connally amendment [granting capital-gains treatment for oil royalties]. I thus opposed capital gains treatment for the benefit of the largest industry in Louisiana. . . . There is only a small amount of money involved. Giving the reduction to a special group [the coal owners] would mean only about $10,000,000. But I predict that, as sure as the sun will rise tomorrow, if we give this reduction in taxes of sixty per cent to coal-royalty owners, that the oil and gas industries will come to the Senate and say, 'You are discriminating against us.'"

The Long amendment to deny this preferential treatment to coal royalties was defeated, 16-72. The thin edge of the wedge was thus driven into the capital-gains crevice, to be driven in deeper and wider as sure as future suns will rise over future tax bills.

Turkeys and 'Spin-Offs'

But the procession of candidates for capital-gains treatment did not stop with the coal men. Sales of livestock were added by the House Ways and Means Committee. The Senate Finance Committee allowed turkeys to join the livestock, which prompted conscientious Senator Ed Thye, from the large poultry-raising state of Minnesota, to propose that chickens were fully as worthy as turkeys. At this point, Senator Douglas asked, "Would the Senator from Minnesota consider . . . adding ducks, angora cats, and dogs?"

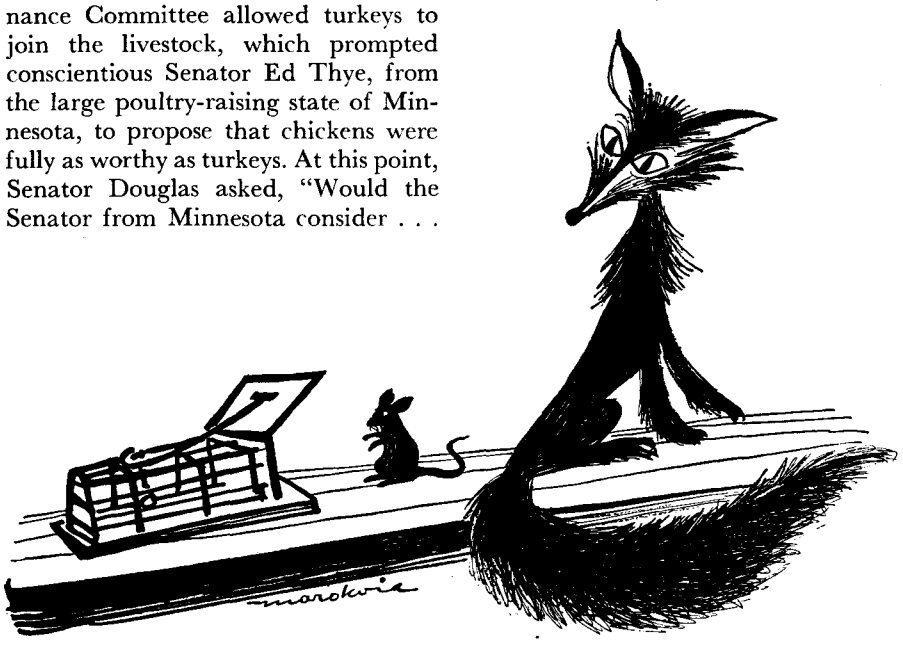
Senator Thye earnestly replied: "Mr. President, there would be some justification for adding the ducks, though ducks are not equal in importance to either turkeys or chickens with respect to the national income. The Senator has an argument there, but when one goes too far down the ladder . . . he may get into a category which would cause someone possibly to look upon the proposition as ridiculous."

Finance Committee Chairman Walter F. George rose to comment: ". . . I certainly cannot take the chicken amendment to conference. Turkeys were included somehow, I do not know how. I cannot accept the amendment . . ."

And so chickens were rejected.

The 1951 tax bill reopens a tax loophole in the capital-gains family which was closed in 1934, called "corporation spin-offs." It illustrates the intricacies of some tax-avoidance devices, although the revenue loss here is small.

If Corporation A earns $1,000,000 and distributes this to 100,000 stockholders in the form of $10 dividends, these stockholders must pay regular income taxes on the amounts they receive. If, however, Corporation A wishes its stockholders to pay the special twenty-five per cent capital-gains rate, it "spins off" the $1,000,000 earnings into a new Corporation B, and distributes the stock of the new corporation to its own shareholders. The 1951 tax law says that this new stock



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cannot be counted as income, and no tax is paid when it is received. But if, after six months, A's stockholders sell their new stock at $10 a share, they net the same $10 they would have had if the $1,000,000 had been distributed as ordinary dividends, except that the $10 is now a capital gain, taxed $2.50 instead of the $9.20 that might have been paid by a top-bracket stockholder.

The Senate Finance Committee maintains that this new provision is needed to remove what it considers an impediment to legitimate business reorganizations, and has written into the law safeguards (whose effectiveness remains to be determined) to prevent the use of "spin-offs" for tax-avoidance purposes. It failed to mention that the new provision makes no difference, from the corporations' point of view, since present law in no way prohibits the "spinning off" of assets into new corporations. It is the tax-free distribution of the "spun-off" stock which has been prohibited up to now.

Family Partnerships

An additional $100 million of revenues is expected to slip each year through a new loophole in the 1951 tax bill having to do with 'family partnerships.' The tax advantages of such a partnership may be shown by taking the case of Mr. A., a married man with two children, having a business which earns for him $100,000 a year. His tax bill in 1951 was about $65,232. He is not so fortunate as one of the Stanback brothers (the makers of "Snap Back with Stanback" headache powders), who had both a family and a smart tax lawyer, upon whose advice he split up his business, making his wife and two children, aged eight and one years, his business partners. Under this arrangement, if Stanback earns $100,000 in 1951, each partner pays taxes on only $25,000. Their total tax bill would be only $39,184.

The courts have sanctioned family partnerships as long as they are formed in good faith and for a business rather than a tax-avoidance purpose. The House version of the 1951 tax bill legalized virtually all family partnerships, even with six-month-old children. The Senate Finance Committee went one step further. It gave a retroactive approval to all family partnerships formed as early as January, 1939, relieving the courts of many contested

wartime cases which have clogged their calendars.

But while perfectly willing to give this twelve-year retroactive blessing to a tax privilege, the Finance Committee refused to go back even ten months to make the new corporation tax rates effective January 1, 1951, though the House wanted to do so. By making the new rates effective April 1 instead, thus exempting the record-high profits of 1951's first quarter, the Finance Committee saved the corporations $500 million. Two weeks later, the Senate cut in half an appropriation request for the National Science Foundation because the fiscal situation of the nation would not tolerate a $12-million expenditure to finance basic research.

Guardians of the Loophole

For nine bitter days of debate, the Senate Finance Committee solidly withstood a barrage of loophole-closing amendments offered by a group of sixteen "liberal-bloc" Senators, whose attack was begun with a remarkable nine-hour speech by Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, in itself a miniature textbook on tax loopholes. In a series of nineteen roll-call votes, the committee suffered not one major defeat. Its chairman, Senator George, accepted or rejected amendments with a curious logic. A proposal of Virginia's conservative Senators Robertson and Byrd to reduce the excise tax on pipe tobacco from eighteen to ten cents a pound, for a revenue loss of $11.5 million, was accepted by George without question. But when Michigan's Blair Moody proposed eliminating the tax on washing machines and vacuum cleaners (an amendment favored by the CIO) for a $53-million loss, George said: "If we start whittling away on the revenue, we will not have any left."

This committee owes its extraordinary power principally to the intricacies and technicalities of tax legislation. The unawareness and apathy of the average taxpayer—who cares only about the broadest strokes in the tax picture, and is easily misled even as to those—are reflected in Senators and Congressmen, who are inclined to leave to their tax-writing committees the task of drafting laws in which the change of a single word can affect the lives of ten thousand families or a hundred businesses. In the House of Representatives, this delegation of the tax-writing function is enforced by the practice of prohibiting amendments to a committee tax bill during House debate.

To this must be added the willingness of the Senate to follow the lead of its most solidly conservative committee. On the majority side, not one of the Democratic members—Senators George, Connally, Byrd, Johnson (of Colorado), Hoey, Kerr, and Frear—followed the Administration's tax recommendations. Of the minority, headed by Senators Millikin, Taft, and Butler (of Nebraska), only Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont, a newcomer to the committee, is ever considered outside the "die-hard" wing of the party.

The Finance Committee appears to have dominated not only the Senate but the entire Congress. The "compromise bill" that emerged after nine days of House-Senate conference was only $200 million higher than the Senate bill, but $1,500 million lower than the House bill. The power of Senate conferees George, Connally, Johnson, Millikin, and Taft has been attributed to their coolness toward the idea of enacting any tax bill at all, which enabled them to threaten a Senate "walkout," killing the chances of any tax bill unless the House gave in. As a result, the House conferees had to yield.

In return for dropping the Senate's retroactive feature on family partnerships, for example, the House gave up a permanent reform for the tax system:

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a withholding tax on corporate dividends and bond interest similar to that now in effect for wages and salaries. This would yield an estimated $323 million a year simply because individuals under-report their dividend receipts by over a billion dollars annually. Nearly all the $120 million in excess-profits "hardship-relief" provisions added by the Senate Finance Committee remain in the 1951 tax bill, including one provision which saves millions for a single company.

When they came to the percentage-depletion provisions, the conferees had little trouble in reconciling their differences. With one minor exception, they settled on the higher of the allowances appearing in the two bills.

Finally, in reducing the individual income taxes $364 million below the House bill, the conferees gave only twenty per cent of the benefit of this reduction to the eighty per cent of the taxpayers with incomes less than $5,000, while giving eighty per cent of the benefit to the twenty per cent earning more than $5,000.

When the House conferees reported this result back to the House, the membership rebelled. Sixty-five Democrats, mostly Administration supporters who considered the bill inadequate and inequitable, joined with 139 Republicans, many of whom insist that Congress has "lost control of the purse strings" to the spendthrift Truman Administration (although Congress and not Mr. Truman enacts the appropriation bills) and therefore oppose any tax increase. This odd coalition succeeded in sending the bill back for further conference. After making minor modifications, the conferees first obtained Senate approval of the new compromise, thus preventing the House from asking for a further conference.

Faced with an "all-or-nothing" choice, on the day before adjournment, twenty-five House Democrats and three Republicans switched their votes and, with the help of some absentees, sent the bill to the White House. There President Truman, who, like his predecessor, had asked the Congress for a "loaf of bread," reluctantly signed his name to a "piece of crust" which, though larger than that served up to Mr. Roosevelt, was amply filled with "extraneous and inedible materials."

Churchill's Narrow Victory

1. The Frozen Party Lines

H. G. NICHOLAS

THE SMALL margin of victory in Britain's recent elections was not due to any lack of effort on the part of the two major contestants. This was a hard-fought election, despite its outward drabness. Each party put up candidates for every seat, whether it had a chance of winning or not. The only exceptions were seven Conservative seats in Ulster, where the issue of partition has become a Conservative monopoly, and a corresponding number of seats (mostly in Wales), where the Conservatives agreed to allow the Liberals a straight fight with Labour.

The British election law imposes very strict limitations on campaign expenditures, so strict indeed that rising prices forced the parties to cut down on posters and literature even below the already modest point permissible in 1950. The main consequence of this was an increased reliance on volunteer aid. Both parties had their hordes of workers addressing envelopes, organizing meetings, knocking at doors, and completing canvass returns.

There were variations, of course, in the efficiency of local party organizations, but their efforts were directed by the central office of each party in accordance with a national plan. Their techniques were astonishingly similar. British election organization is directed basically toward finding where the voting strength of each party is and getting the "pledges" out on Election Day, and the devices for achieving this have now become common property.

The New Uniformity

This election has demonstrated that similar national uniformity exists on political issues and in political organization. Britain has, of course, long been a highly unified country politically. The London press can reach every breakfast table. The BBC sends the same programs to every fireside. National leaders can and do tour every important region within the three-week period of the election campaign. Even so, regional variations have hitherto persisted, in politics as in culture.

In this election those distinctions seem to have shrunk to the vanishing point. The day after the election I met one of the younger Tory M.P.s, who was sunk in gloom despite the victory of his party and his own success in a hard-fought marginal constituency. "I think this is the most disheartening election any candidate could be called upon to fight," he said. "I said all the things I was advised not to say. I offered blood, sweat, and tears if my constituents re-elected me—and what happened? I secured exactly the same margin of improvement over my last year's vote as did my neighbor, X, in the adjoining constituency. And he promised to build more houses, cut the cost of living, and generally provide more and better cakes and ale all round. It doesn't any longer matter a

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damn what you say. It only matters what you're called. The Member has become the slave of the machine."

This does not mean, of course, that the political map of Britain has become a uniform gray, and that regional differences no longer exist. Durham is still as safe for Labour as Maine is for Republicans. The commuters of Surrey are in no danger of losing their spokesmen on the Conservative benches. But the October 25 results suggest that the country has become astonishingly uniform in its political reactions, that it has become set in a political mold that will take an earthquake to crack. Again the figures are eloquent. Over the country as a whole the swing from Labour to the Tories averaged one per cent.

That was not merely an average; it was also a median. In eighty per cent of Britain's 625 constituencies the swing was under two per cent; in fifty per cent of them it was under one per cent. Constituencies that at first glance seemed to show some striking deviation from the norm, like the London borough of North Hammersmith, where Labour's majority increased from 2,940 to 11,080, turned out on closer examination to prove the rule. It was merely that last time a "Labour Independent," the fellow-traveling D. N. Pritt, had been a candidate in North Hammersmith. This time, in his absence, the wandering sheep had returned to the fold.

In 1950 there were some interesting variations in the response of the great cities to the election appeals. Birmingham, which the Tories had lost in 1945, gave back only one of its constituencies to Tory control in 1950, while Liverpool, a much less traditionally Tory town, put the Conservatives in charge of five of its nine component boroughs. This encouraged optimistic critics of machine politics, of whom I was one, to conclude that local vitality and diversity might again prove crucial.

The 1951 figures nip such facile conclusions in the bud. These are approximate figures for the swing in votes in some of Britain's principal cities: Liverpool 1 per cent to Labour, Birmingham 1.5 per cent to Conservative, Bristol 2 per cent to Conservative, Manchester 1.5 per cent to Conservative, Sheffield 0.5 per cent to Conservative, Leeds 1 per cent to Conservative, Edinburgh 2.5 per cent of Conservative. They are striking in their uniformity, especially when it is considered that they represent every type of constituency, those so safe that effort was almost superfluous, and those so marginal that the outcome was uncertain until the last minute. We have become, whether we like it or not, a politically homogeneous island.

Captain R. A. Butler

Floating Statistics

Some outside observers, contemplating the Labour lead in the popular vote, will express incredulity at the freak of a Conservative lead in seats sufficient to enable them to form a Government, even if not a very comfortable one. Americans, I think, will not be numbered among these. In the system of election to the Presidency, the United States has exactly the same possible disparities between popular and Electoral College votes. Electoral statisticians have been demonstrating to British readers the existence of a certain bias in the electoral system here which tends to give the Conservatives, on an equal division of the popular vote, a two per cent advantage in terms of seats in the House of Commons. It is the result of concentration of big Labour majorities in certain constituencies where they are electorally "wasted." This election has proved the theorists right, and the Conservatives have obtained power with the minimum possible shift in public opinion.

Many of those vote switchers have, of course, been Liberals. The election was largely a battle for the Liberal vote. In a few cases the Liberal bargaining power as revealed by the Liberal vote in 1950, and Winston Chuchill's sentimental attachment to his old party, worked to secure for Liberal candidates a straight fight with Labour. But most of the 108 Liberals had to face the crossfire of Labour and Conservative opponents, and went down wounded both in front and rear. Everywhere, whether a Liberal candidate was running or not, the other parties competed for his votes. There can be no doubt that the Conservatives were the more successful. An analysis of the vote cast in nine representative constituencies where the Liberals withdrew shows that on an average the Conservatives drew away five or six Liberal votes for every three that went to Labour candidates.

With so many of the vote switchers demonstrably Liberals, Labour has every right to feel proud of the fidelity of its following. It was, after all, with a Labour Government in office that the hammer blows of the last eighteen months had fallen on the nation—Korea, Abadan, Egypt, and the reopened dollar gap.

Britain has now had two elections in successive years, neither of which has returned a party strong enough to govern without one eye on its sick list and the other eye on the next election. Is this near-deadlock between the two main parties, in the course of which a third historic party has been annihilated, a passing phase? If so, when will it pass? Its long continuance would certainly bring grave consequences for the country. A Presidential form of government can operate with a small majority in the legislature, or even without one at all. A continental multiparty system, as in France, can make shift to get along by coalitions and combinations. But Mr. Churchill's Government will not be a real coalition, and for its effectiveness it will still require a working majority in Parliament.

But toward what future do we move? Our electoral system, with its element of caprice, its arbitrary penalization of third parties, its deceptive simplicity, has in the past nevertheless justified itself by the one great crude test—it has provided Britain with stable Governments. The events of 1950 and 1951 pose the question of whether its double failure to do so is a passing accident or the result of a new and permanent pat-

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tern in British politics. Has the element of mobility, on which all democratic systems depend for their health, gone out of ours with the passing of the Liberal Party? Has the "floating voter" ceased to float in numbers sufficient to provide that periodic alternation of Governments which alone prevents *hubris* and laziness in high places? The election of 1951 provides no answer to these questions. But it gives them a new urgency.

2. The Victors

WILLIAM CLARK

MR. CHURCHILL'S views on the Prime Ministry are given in that section of his memoirs dealing with May, 1940, when he first assumed that office: "I readily admit that the post which had now fallen to me was the one I liked best . . . there can be no comparison between the positions of number one and numbers two, three, or four. . . . An accepted leader has only to be sure of what is it best to do, or at least to have made up his mind about it."

This philosophy is the opposite of the committee method of government adopted by the deposed Clement Attlee. Under Churchill's leadership much of the indecision and slowness that have marked British policy, particularly since the disappearance of Ernest Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps, may be expected to vanish. Policy will bubble over from the top instead of percolating up through agreement among overlapping departments.

The Cabinet appointments reflect the new shape of government. Mr. Churchill takes into his hands not only the supreme direction of affairs as Prime Minister, but control of all defense matters as Minister of Defence—a post held by a senior Minister in Mr. Attlee's Cabinet. Foreign affairs are placed in the hands of his most loyal lieutenant, Anthony Eden, who is unlikely to dispute the central direction of foreign affairs with his chief.

Ismay for India

The other vital foreign-affairs post is the Ministry of Commonwealth Relations, which mainly involves foreign policy with regard to the crucial area of India. Here again the new Prime Minister has appointed a loyal lieutenant, General Lord Ismay, a non-political figure who was Mr. Churchill's military chief of staff during war.

Sir Walter Monckton

This was a wholly unexpected appointment which, once made, appears blindingly obvious and correct. The Conservative Party, and particularly Mr. Churchill, are deeply suspect in India. But Lord Ismay's last public appointment was as adviser to Lord Mountbatten during his fateful term as viceroy, when India gained its independence. All the major figures of that mission are admired by Pandit Nehru and his colleagues as part-founders of the Indian State.

Over the whole range of foreign relations and the defense of the realm Mr. Churchill intends, it would seem, to exercise supreme control. What is less certain is that he fully recognizes that 1951 is not 1941, that Truman is not Roosevelt, and that Britain is no longer the senior partner in a great struggle.

Mr. Churchill is now almost seventy-seven, and he is getting very deaf. He is aware of the limitations, though they are admittedly slight, on his powers, and while he retains the main levers of power and policy in his own hands, he has always been adept at delegating power where his interests were less immediate. Though he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has never been interested in economics. That is not to say he is ignorant of the subject—it was his father, Lord Randolph, not Winston himself, who paused during his first budget speech on finding figures with decimal points and whispered to a colleague, "What do those damn dots mean?"

The appointment of R.A. Butler as Chancellor of the Exchequer is the most significant of the whole Administration. Butler is not one of the Prime Minister's old friends and loyal lieutenants. He is almost a rebel, who, throughout six years of opposition, has fought to bring the Conservative Party up to date by accepting most of Labour's welfare state. The "Industrial Charter," with its emphasis on the rights of workers, was largely his creation. He has been the foremost Conservative speaker on the theme that all the social services are here to stay, and that they are largely a Tory invention.

Alone among senior Conservative Ministers, Butler was once a university teacher, and he is identified with the intellectual, liberalizing influences within the party. His record as Lord Halifax's Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and spokesman in the Commons at the time of Munich and after has been covered up by his later triumph in steering a most progressive education bill through the wartime Commons.

He will have to face the acute financial crisis that is endemic in postwar Britain and which has been piling up to a climax for the past few months. There are many voices in the Tory Party which cry "Give business its chance! Sweep away controls!" There are other voices that beg for an end to government extravagance in such luxuries as the Arts Council and the British Information Services abroad. No Tory would be less willing than Butler to heed these voices; no Tory Chancellor would be nearer in outlook to his Labour predecessor, Hugh Gaitskell.

But the question that cannot yet be answered is how strong Mr. Butler will prove in meeting the pressures on him. By making him Chancellor, Mr.

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Churchill has by implication made him second—to Mr. Eden—in succession for the leadership of the party. There will be much jealousy and strain, especially if he pursues a line close to the Labour Party's.

In fact, the strains on Tory Party loyalty are likely to be severe. It is easy to forget that Mr. Churchill is none too popular with regular Tories. He is a renegade Liberal, who for eight full years was kept out of Tory Cabinets by Baldwin and Chamberlain as a dangerous adventurer. The Conservative Party has always been composed of two elements. One is an aristocratic stratum of "born leaders" who are not at home with economics, but have a vision of the country's destiny and often have a strong feeling for social reform. The other element is a solid core of "plain businessmen," with all the unpopular virtues associated with the name—honesty, caution, and a close attention to shillings and pence. Baldwin and Chamberlain favored the latter element, Churchill the former.

The task of holding the party together and pacifying the shopkeeping-business element has been given to Lord Woolton, who as Lord President of the Council is also to have general control over the country's food and agriculture. Frederick Marquis, first Lord Woolton, is himself a remarkably successful businessman. He ran a chain of general stores and is a superb practitioner of public relations. During the war, as Minister of Food, he made austerity popular with housewives. Now once again he is to be relied on to smooth out the worries of that most formidable bloc.

Monckton as No. 4

These men—Churchill, Eden, Butler, and Woolton—are the Big Four of the Conservative Government, but there is one other appointment of great importance, the Ministry of Labour. It is a complete surprise that a lawyer who has been in Parliament less than a year—Sir Walter Monckton—should be given this post. He has had some administrative experience as Deputy Director-General of the Ministry of Information early in the war, but as a lawyer his experience has been exotic. He drew up the instrument of abdication for his friend King Edward VIII, and at the time of partition in India was called in by the Nizam of Hyderabad as adviser to help him stave off absorption into the new Dominion of India. A cynic might suppose that this experience with kings is what recommends him to deal with Labour czars. A more likely explanation is that Mr. Churchill wants labor relations in the hands of a man adept at devising formulas to meet difficult situations.

The Conservative Big Four can be compared with Labour's old Big Four—Attlee, Bevin, Morrison, and Cripps. The Tory group is more homogeneous, more of a team, far more under the control of its captain. But the public knows all four well.

The tasks these men face are immense, but none is more vitally important than that of ensuring that they carry the British public with them. Their party did not gain a majority of the votes, and the reason undoubtedly was the success of the Labour cry, harking back to the 1930's "You can't trust the Tories! You can't trust them to keep the peace, to maintain full employment, or to retain the social services!"

Now that they are back, their leaders are fully aware that their first task is to gain the trust of the people. In present circumstances that must mean moderate centrist policies, which will not necessarily be mild policies, because the times demand strong action. If the Conservatives can avoid foundering in the economic storm and can do so without using remedies which split the country, the present Parliamentary deadlock could be broken in their favor. If they fail, they will be swept out of power for a generation.

3. The Losers

WOODROW WYATT

In the present Parliament, the Opposition assumes a more than usually significant role. Given cohesion, the Labour Party is bound to have a marked effect on the Government. It can make excursions of which it disapproves dangerous for the Tories, and it may be able to bring the Government down altogether—something Mr. Churchill never achieved despite all his efforts in the last Parliament.

General Lord Ismay

What is the general approach of the Labour Opposition likely to be?

First of all, it will not, contrary to belief in some quarters, be dominated by the Bevanites. Because most of the leading Bevanites were returned, it has been suggested that they had an astonishing success. An examination of the individual results shows a different picture.

Mrs. Barbara Castle's and Harold Davies's 1950 majorities were each down by two thousand. Tom Driberg, Ian Mikardo, John Freeman, Michael Foot, and Jennie Lee each had a thousand lopped off their majorities. All seven are prominent Bevanites. Yet only a few miles from Mrs. Castle's constituency, Edward Shackleton, Herbert Morrison's personal aide, who had won Preston South by 149 votes in 1950, held it again, this time by sixteen. If he had dropped as many votes as the leading Bevanites he would have been out. Many other prominent anti-Bev-

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anites did better than last time or only dropped a few hundred votes.

Harold Wilson, it is true, increased his slender majority by 259, but he did it by collecting votes which went to a Communist who ran in 1950 but not in 1951. So we are left with Aneurin Bevan as the only Bevanite who increased his poll without fortuitous aid. He added exactly twenty-nine votes to his majority in a Labour stronghold.

In Parliament there are about twenty Bevanites among 295 Labour M.P.s. It is true that their influence is greater than their actual numbers. They include several exceptional debaters, and they have heavy backing among the more active of the party workers in the country (although not among the trade unions). The Bevanites will do their utmost to move the Opposition away from support of the rearmament program. Aiding them will be Labour's traditional inclinations toward pacifism. Against them will be their numerical inferiority in Parliament and the conviction of the majority that the Labour Government was right and the Bevanites wrong. (Nye Bevan predicted that rearmament would cause unemployment through a shortage of raw materials during the summer. In fact the unemployment figures went down still further, to below 200,000.)

To begin with, it is probable that the Conservative Government will move cautiously. It is unlikely in the first few months to tamper much with Labour's economic policy. Nor will the Opposition attempt to throw the Conservatives out by strike action or other unconstitutional means outside the House of Commons. The day after the result was announced, Arthur Deakin, leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union, the largest union in the world, expressly declared his willingness to co-operate with the new Government despite his disappointment at the Conservative victory.

This does not mean that strikes are ruled out. They may be provoked by Government action, and if they are it will be infinitely more difficult for a Conservative Government to deal with them than it was for Labour. But the initiative in strike action will certainly not be taken by the unions.

Only precipitate action by the Conservative Government is likely to disturb the comparative tranquillity of the House of Commons before Christmas. If, for example, the Conservatives attempt to restore the university seats there will be trouble. Until 1950, twelve Members of Parliament were elected by university graduates who had a second vote in constituencies where they lived. These twelve were almost invariably either Conservatives or independents who supported the Conservatives. Any move to restore these seats would be fiercely resisted by Labour.

If no action of this sort is undertaken, it may not be until the budget is presented in April that there will be acute controversy. The Conservatives can hardly produce exactly the same type of budget as the previous Labour Governments; then their past criticism of Labour's policy would appear foolish and pointless. The line of alteration will undoubtedly consist in attempts to reduce taxation by saving on government expenditures.

With the best will and brains in the world, it will be impossible for the new Government to cut down expenditures without making inroads on the social services. The most likely victim is the food subsidy, which costs the taxpayer over 400 million pounds a year and which pegs basic food prices below the commercial level. Any removal of this subsidy would mean harder living for the less well off in return for reduced taxation for the better off. A budget containing provisions of this sort would be fought every inch of the way.

Another issue that will provoke bitter conflict is the Conservative intention to hand the steel industry back to private ownership. It may be, however, that Mr. Churchill will not feel himself strongly enough supported in the country to attempt this.

Lord Woolton

In the international field the general trend of Conservative policy will not differ much from that of the Labour Government. There may be variants on such issues as the Schuman Plan, in which the Conservatives felt that Britain should be a full participant. There may be a temptation to take a stronger line in cases where disputes arise with small countries or territories of the Commonwealth which feel they ought to move more quickly to self-government. Such attempts would be hotly contested by the Opposition.

Churchill and Peace

But it is well known that Mr. Churchill keenly resented the implications in Labour propaganda that he would be more likely to increase the risk of war than Mr. Atlee. Consequently he is likely to attempt to bring a peaceful world settlement nearer by constant high-level conferences, which would not necessarily be frowned on by the Opposition.

Broadly, Mr. Churchill will be trying to demonstrate that he is better able to keep and secure peace on a long-term basis than the Labour Government was. At home the Conservatives will be anxious to prove that they are not the ogres some people think they are. After a comparatively short period of rule (probably from nine months to a year and a half), if Mr. Churchill thinks he has established these two points, it is not unlikely that he will hold another General Election. That intention may be foiled if there is a defeat in Commons or if it is obvious (from, say, losses in by-elections) that the Government is losing ground.

The role of the Labour Party will be to make responsible and not fractious criticism. Anything it advocates it may be called upon to implement before long. Anything it attacks it must be prepared to alter if it gains office again in the near future. No great departure from present policies can win the backing of the country without the sanction of the Opposition. That is the most significant fact of the situation, and it makes this Opposition different from any other.

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The Old Days In Palestine

EDWIN SAMUEL

OUT OF THE twenty-eight years I spent in the Palestine government, I lived for two of them in Arab districts. In 1933, I was stationed at Nazareth, in charge of the four subdistricts of Galilee. I had many *kibbutzim* in my division, as well as hundreds of Arab villages, a few Druse and Circassian villages, and some small seminomadic Bedouin tribes. My tours around my division were feats of mental gymnastics. In the Arab villages I was *Hadarat al-Kaimakam,* His Honor the Governor, with a police escort. All the elders waited in line to greet me at the entrance to each village. In the *madafeh,* no one sat down until I was seated; no one spoke without my leave.

But in the *kibbutz,* a mile away, no one would be waiting for me when I came. Everyone was far too busy out in the fields, working. If I did manage to find someone in the courtyard, he would shout in Hebrew, "Hullo, Edwin! Where did you spring from?" He would clap me on the shoulder, lead me by the arm to the dining hall, give me a glass of milk, and pump me about all the latest happenings in England and America.

The happiest year of my life in Palestine was at Ramallah, north of Jerusalem, in 1925. It was my first independent command. I was twenty-seven then and had charge of sixty Arab hill villages—some thirty thousand proud highland peasants, nearly all Moslem. They had only recently come under British rule after centuries under the Turks, and they were desperately poor, wild, ignorant, and fanatical. There were only two Jewish families in the whole subdistrict—a Yemenite silversmith's and my own. The Yemenite went to Jerusalem for the Sabbath and I was left in lonely glory.

Ramallah is a pleasant Christian Arab town on the hilltops. It has since been developed as a summer resort and, in 1936, became the center for all Palestine broadcast transmissions. The radio towers dominate the hilltops and can be seen for miles. But in my day it was a large sleepy village of farmers, with a few traders, many of whom had been in the United States to seek their fortunes and had failed. Others had succeeded and remained there. Others had failed, but did not even have the price of a return passage.

The townlet was well built, of creamy brownstone. I had a two-story house, set in a young pine grove, with a magnificent view of the plains below as far as the sea—forty miles away. At night the lights of the new town of Tel Aviv twinkled in the dark. There on the hilltop I lived with my wife and two babies. We had brought out an English nurse who spoke to the Arab shopkeepers very loudly and slowly: "Got baking powder? Got icing sugar?" and was surprised and hurt when they didn't understand.

British Administrator

My subdistrict was very mountainous. It was the country of the Tribe of Benjamin. Bethel (the House of God), where Jacob dreamed of the angels on the ladder, was but a few miles away from my house. From my bedroom window I could see the ruins of the monastery built at Bethel in the Middle Ages. To the west of us, tucked away in the foothills, were the two Beth-horons of the Bible, the Upper and the Lower, now prosperous Arab villages. The Roman road to Caesarea along which Paul had walked from Jerusalem ran northwestward. As I rode on my Arab mare around the villages, I came upon half-buried patches of its paving blocks. To some parts of my area I could drive my secondhand Model T Ford along

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the tracks built through the hills by the British Army. These tracks supplied the troops in the front line which, for six months in 1918, had lain athwart my subdistrict. Several villages lay in gaping ruin, silent and deserted. The hillsides were still littered with empty cartridge cases and rusting bully-beef tins.

My staff consisted of a Moslem Arab assistant district officer, who took bribes; an old Moslem magistrate, who also took bribes; and a Christian Arab doctor, who told me all about the others. I had fourteen Arab policemen, mostly mounted on wiry little Arab ponies, half a dozen tax collectors, a few sanitary men, a clerk, and a typist. This was the British Empire, as represented at Ramallah. Technically, we were a mandated administration working under the League of Nations; but it made little difference to the peasantry. They plowed and reaped and paid their taxes—or not—as they had done under the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Persians, the Romans, the Crusaders, and the Turks. I was chief collector and the latest to grind the faces of the poor. My return at night with hundreds of precious pounds in my saddle bags was a temptation to the highwaymen who, through failure of crops, debt, and hunger, infested the hills. I always had an armed police escort, especially through the pass near the aptly named Ain al-Haramiyeh—the Robbers' Well.

The Village and the Fatted Lamb

It was a thoroughly eighteenth-century atmosphere, and I loved it. Never have I recaptured the freshness of life that I found then. I was a Londoner, a townsman. The miracle of spring astounded me: the fig leaves bursting from their buds, and in winter the silent morning air, the acrid smell of wood fires.

In the village, I went back a few more centuries, to a feudal and medieval way of life. The villages were compactly built on the hilltops, for defense against roaming bands and Bedouin raiders. They sprawled unplanned, with low stone cabins along narrow alleys. Most cabins had a courtyard, surrounded by a ramshackle dry-stone wall inside which the animals were kept at night. In the outdoor mud oven the flat-loaved family bread was baked, with dry dung as fuel—all forest trees having been felled centuries ago.

The peasants were even poorer and more hopeless than Mexicans or southern Italians, but not so desperate as those of India. There was no glass in the windows; the women went barefoot or, if they were better off, carried their shoes in their hands to save them when they walked abroad.

Sometimes I spent the night with one of the richer householders. Abu Aslan of Ras Kerker was one such. He lived in a two-story stone house, with his cattle in the basement. The walls of his reception room were hung with sugar loaves to indicate his wealth. In the master's bedroom, which he vacated for me, was a brass bedstead, but the mattress was flea-ridden; I preferred to sleep on the floor. There were huge meals, but always hours after I had arrived, no matter what advance notice I had given of my arrival. Until my silhouette was seen advancing over the rocky horizon, no Arab farmer would ever be sure of my coming and start to cook.

At first I was sincerely reluctant to let them kill the ill-spared fatted lamb in my honor. But later I saw what such a feast meant to a whole village that hardly ever ate meat. My host kept open house that day. After I had eaten in solitary state—Abu Aslan serving me with his own hands—he and his henchmen ate, then the lesser fry, then the women and the children; last, the thin mongrel dogs went over the well-picked bones once more. After the meal, when all had happily belched (the polite mark of repletion), coffee beans were freshly roasted on an iron plate over a charcoal brazier.

Entry in the Dust

Life was grim in the Palestinian Arab hill village as I knew it. No piped water; no well. Even the drinking water had to be drawn from the village spring in the valley below and carried up the steep rocky track by the women. On their heads they bore earthenware jars, since replaced by the less breakable gas can. Arab village women go unveiled; it is only the townswomen who veil. Nor does the average Moslem have a harem. If his first wife bears no male children, he may take a second wife. Male children are essential to keep the farm going and must be bred. A wife is an investment. When she marries she has no dowry; on the contrary, her father is paid. Few Arab peasants can afford more than one such payment. Love doesn't enter into the matter.

As with most villages all over the world, there is, of course, no drainage network at all in the Arab village. The torrential winter rains sweep through the alleys and flood the low-built cabins. No plumbing exists in any house. A few rich farmers may have a stinking medieval cesspit latrine indoors; the peasantry at large use the fields. In the center of the village used to lie the communal manure heap, with rotting cabbage stalks, broken earthenware jars, dust, and an occasional dead goat. Scrawny hens scratched in this delicious compost under the baking sun. Part of my self-imposed mission was to "close" each of these heaps and "open" a new one to leeward of the village. This usually involved endless negotiations with the elders of each *hamula* or clan in the village for the appointment of a young man as village scavenger. But he rarely scavenged until my cortege was seen coming along the narrow track. Then he would spring to life and drive all the women in their shapeless black working clothes out into the street. Each would begin to clear her own doorway with a little handbroom of thorns. A cloud of dust rising to heaven was the usual salute fired to welcome me to the village.

The *hamulas* played an important

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part in every village. Each clan was a group of families, and there were usually two, three, four, or five clans in a village. The elders of these clans formed an unofficial village council. Later, elected village councils were introduced by the British administration. From among the elders, one man was chosen by the British district officer as village *mukhtar,* or headman. He had to collect the government taxes, report births and deaths and crimes, and dance attendance on visiting officials.

The Enduring Past

Once I had to go to the village of Bireh to appoint a new and more efficient *mukhtar* after a fight had broken out in the village. Before I left my office, I looked up the Palestine Exploration Fund village gazetteer. The entry began: "Bireh is first mentioned as Biru on an Egyptian monument of about 4000 B.C." I made a mental calculation. I had been in the district six months; Bireh had managed to govern itself for 6,000 years. It needed none of my interference. So I left the inefficient old *mukhtar* in office. Years later, I heard that he was one of the few who had refused to participate in the Arab rebellion of 1936-1938 when the whole countryside was for months under rebel control. The motto for every brash young reformer in the East should be: Leave well enough alone.

Most of "my" peasants had their own plots of land; there were few big landowners like those on the plains. The hill soil was thin and poor. The terrace had fallen; the soil had been washed away, and the stony bones of the mountains protruded. Most of the olive trees had been cut for fuel during the First World War. The manpower had been decimated by malaria, conscription, and emigration to the United States. The peasants who remained lived from hand to mouth. A plague of locusts or a single drought would wipe them out. They clung to their few barren acres with pathetic tenacity. Everything was mortgaged to the hilt with the rich Moslem moneylenders in Nablus. Nablus, like Ramallah, is now in the Kingdom of Jordan; then, both were part of Palestine. To Nablus would go the olive oil for soapmaking; and loans to the peasants, bearing interest up to sixty per cent a year, would be disguised as receipts for fictitious soap. In this way the moneylender would not expose himself to risk of prosecution for usury.

In addition to being chief tax collector, I was head sanitary man, an amateur argricultural field officer, a magistrate, and commander of the garrison (my fourteen policemen). My demands on my district were simple—keep the peace, clean your village, pay your taxes. Each village had a page in my loose-leaf notebook, in which I recorded my instructions to each *mukhtar.* Whenever anything went wrong, out came my little black book. Even the threat of an entry in it was sometimes sufficient to secure complaisance. I invented a mythical white book—kept in my office—in which I recorded their good deeds. "White book or black book: Which will you have?" often ended my impassioned but faulty Arabic harangues to the assembled peasants.

I had far more power than was good for me—or them. When I first went to live in Ramallah I had no idea how to govern thirty thousand tough peasants with fourteen village policemen. What would happen if I sent for a *mukhtar* and he refused to come? Ragheb Pasha Nashashibi, who died a few months ago and was major of Jerusalem in 1925, laughed at my fears. "Remember," he

said, "that for centuries the fellah—the Arab peasant—has obeyed the slightest Turkish whim. If he hadn't he'd have been exiled or thrown in jail. You British don't do that; but the fellah hasn't discovered it yet. So never even allow yourself to imagine that anyone would dream of not coming when you send for him." How right he was! For, some months later, when the League of Nations abolished the old Turkish practice of requiring every peasant to give so many days of free work on the roads, I tried to get volunteers. An old *mukhtar,* watching my dismal failure, said, "Order us to volunteer, O Governor, and we'll all come at once."

Poor but Proud

The Arab peasant in my day was childlike in his credulity, his ignorance, his sudden passions. The standard treatment for any serious illness was for the village midwife, an aged crone, to apply red-hot skewers to the scalp. Many adults bore such scars under their turbans. Few peasants could read or write. There has been much improvement since. Malaria has been largely stamped out. Few children go blind with untreated trachoma. But the poor diet leads to poor physique. Few peasants were strong enough to take on any extra work. Their monotonous agricultural calendar was varied only by a feverish time plowing in the winter and a feverish time harvesting and threshing in the summer. For the rest of the year they sat around in the sun smoking, drinking coffee, gossiping, playing tricktrack (backgammon), while the womenfolk did the chores.

In spite of all their faults, the Arabs are real men. They are proud. They have a keen sense of humor. They are quick to learn. They seemed then to have a great future. I love them.

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Trujillo's Dynasty

The hemisphere's senior dictator has chosen not to run for President again, but will go on running his country

THEODORE DRAPER

IT TOOK me only a few minutes to feel that the Dominican Republic was different.

Practically every visitor finds himself taken, as I was, to the Hotel Jaragua in Ciudad Trujillo. The immigration officials recommend it and the hotel thoughtfully provides the only bus at the airport. The Jaragua is operated by a U.S. hotel chain for the Dominican government, which built it with a $3-million Export-Import Bank loan.

The first thing I saw at the entrance was a metal plaque with the inscription ERA DE TRUJILLO—1943. Inside the lobby stood a large white bust of President Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina. There was also a sign that there would be dancing to the music of the "Orquesta Glsmo. Trujillo." That evening, in the middle of one *merengue*, the favorite Dominican dance, the music suddenly stopped, everyone stood still and obediently shouted "El Jefe!" and then the music went on.

It takes only a stroll in the streets to have the name "Trujillo" beaten into the consciousness. There is literally not a single shop or business of any kind without a picture of Trujillo prominently displayed. A truck passes and on its bumper is painted: TRUJILLO ES MI PROTECTOR. A flimsy little shack used for selling a few bottles of soft drink bears the sign: DIOS Y TRUJILLO SON MI FÉ, "God and Trujillo Are My Faith." With a broad grin a shoeshine boy shows off all his English—"Gringo, shine!"—and his box reads—VIVA TRUJILLO! It is as if the dictator were everywhere, watching everything, knowing everyone.

The Silences

Dictatorships are notoriously hard on journalists. The only thing that interests dictators is whether you are for them or against them; integrity or intelligence merely means that you may be dangerous. This makes the most elementary intercourse virtually impossible. The most usual way to learn about things is to talk to people. But in dictatorships, talk is risky, especially about politics, and the way to get around the danger is not to talk.

The difficulty was conveyed by one diplomat whom I asked to suggest which Dominican officials would be most informative: "I can't recommend anyone. I don't know what you're going to write. If you write the wrong thing, anyone who talked to you will be in trouble. And he'll blame me." With shame and anguish on his unforgettable face, an eminent Dominican intellectual whispered: "I cannot talk to you about Dominican culture. I cannot tell you that there is no culture worthy of the name in the Dominican Republic today because I would be guilty of treason."

Despite these handicaps, little things constantly give dictatorships away, often unconsciously. Even a carefully conducted weekend trip into the interior from Ciudad Trujillo to the second

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largest city, Santiago de los Caballeros, can be most revealing.

On the way we stopped over at San Francisco de Macorís. The church was no longer the largest and finest building in the town. It was overshadowed by the sprawling, gleaming white two-story headquarters of the Partido Dominicano, the Government party. On the first floor were offices and a large auditorium. The second floor was a surprise. It contained a salon, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, and office, all well furnished and yet obviously unlived in.

"Does anyone ever live here?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," said the woman who guided me around. "When El Jefe comes to San Francisco, he lives here. We keep it ready for him at any moment."

"And otherwise?"

"It is only for him. It is for no one else."

A visit to the City Hall added something. The governor of the province happened to come in. A well-dressed, soft-spoken man, one of the more important landowners, he was most anxious to be helpful. I managed to mention the apartment over at the Partido Dominicano. When was El Jefe there last? (By this time I was saying "El Jefe" like everyone else.)

The governor was only too willing to talk in praise of El Jefe: "El Jefe was here about a month ago. He stayed two whole days. The people came to him with their problems. Somebody wants this, somebody wants that. He always does something for everybody."

"What sort of things, for instance?"

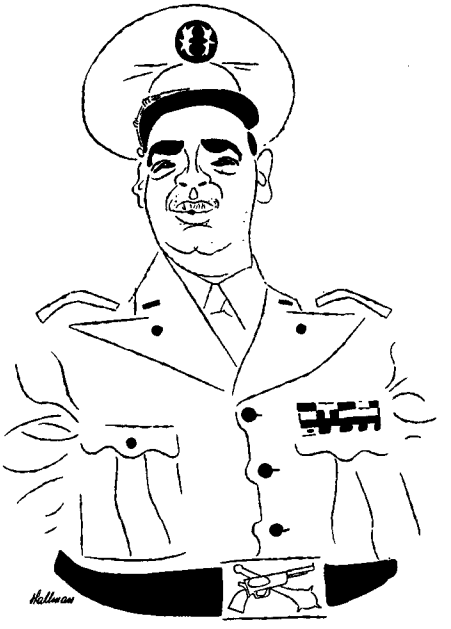
"The boys of the town sent a delegation to tell him that they had no baseball uniforms. El Jefe immediately promised them everything for two teams."

"And who paid for it?"

"El Jefe, of course! He always pays for everything."

In Santiago, my host was the country's biggest rice broker. His father had been a Lebanese dry-goods merchant in Ciudad Trujillo. Twenty years ago the Dominican Republic still imported all its rice. By now he had made enough money in rice to invest over $100,000 in a new house.

While we were driving through the city in one of his two cars, my host, who had learned his English in New York, talked about himself: "I'm no politician, but I've lived through this thing. We used to have revolutions here every few months. Sometimes five or six Presidents in one year. I remember my father used to say, 'We have to move to get out of the way of a revolution.' Then we would have to move again to get out of the way of the other side. Nobody could make money here. Now property is protected. You don't have to worry that something you are building will be taken away from you next year. We are for El Jefe because El Jefe is for us."



Brother Héctor

Such were some personal experiences on a recent visit to the oldest and most successful dictatorship in the Western Hemisphere. They were the little things which almost unconsciously gave away the big ones.

Trujillo's Past

This year Trujillo celebrated the coming of age of his régime by announcing his "retirement" in favor of his youngest brother. This was his supreme gesture of power—a Trujillo dynasty.

Trujillo seized power in 1930. His technique even then was characteristically devious. He was head of the army. He could have overthrown the weak and divided Vásquez Government himself. Instead, a rather obscure politican named Rafael Estrella Ureña from Santiago, the traditional starting point of Dominican uprisings, took the lead. All that General Trujillo did was get sick at the strategic moment, and the army offered suspiciously little resistance to the rebels. When an election was held to sanctify the coup, however, Estrella Ureña turned up merely as candidate for Vice-President on a ticket headed by Trujillo.

It is a little harder to go farther back into Trujillo's past. Albert C. Hicks, an American newspaperman working in Puerto Rico, collected the less reputable stories told by émigrés in *Blood in the Streets,* published five years ago. Hicks claimed that Trujillo had been, in rather rapid succession, a "forger, cattle rustler, informer and pimp," the last two in the service of the United States Marine Corps, which occupied the Dominican Republic from 1916 to 1924.

The latest official legend is related in the fifth edition of the approved biography, *Trujillo,* by Abelardo R. Nanita, a former private secretary. The most significant thing in Nanita's monotonous flattery is that Trujillo's career before 1930 is almost completely passed over. There is at least one established fact that El Jefe would like everyone to forget—that the U.S. Marines made him a police lieutenant and started him on the way to power.

Whatever his preparation for the job, by 1930 Trujillo knew what he wanted and how to get it. He was only thirty-eight years old. The country had reached bottom. The government was bankrupt, owed $20 million to U.S. creditors, and had not paid government workers for months. Less than three weeks after he was inaugurated, an unprecedented hurricane wiped out three-quarters of the capital. The world economic crisis had driven down the price of the island's only money crop, sugar, to less than one cent a pound. Paradoxically, these misfortunes played into Trujillo's hands because there was only one way to go—up.

Terror and Trade

It took Trujillo about five years to feel really secure in his power. First, of course, he had to make sure of his political monopoly. The old parties disappeared. After a year of ruling alone, he set up his personal organization, the Partido Dominicano, in 1931. Those were the stormy days of the régime. Political opponents were found mysteriously murdered in the hills. More

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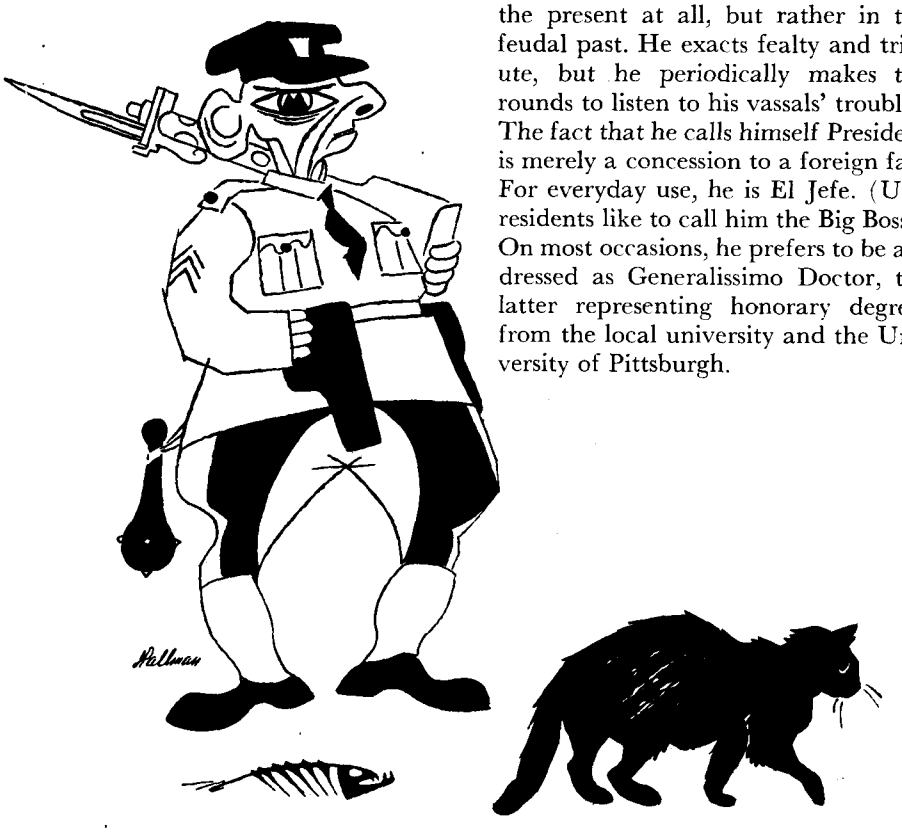
fled into exile. Local "caciques" (bosses), unaccustomed to one-man rule, had to be broken.

The economic problem was somewhat harder. With the memory of the U.S. occupation still so fresh, Trujillo could not feel safe until he had ingratiated himself with the State Department. This meant, first of all, doing something about the debt. He called in representatives of the U.S. bondholders and virtually let them write their own ticket. They overhauled his whole Administration, cut government salaries drastically, and organized a new banking system for him. (One of these U.S. representatives is still head of the Dominican Investment Bank.) In his three worst years, 1930-1933, Trujillo showed that he could be depended upon by paying off one-sixth of the debt, though it was not until 1947 that he was able to clear up the last installment of $9,300,000.

Once he had survived the world economic crisis, Trujillo was all set. The lowest point came in 1933. Exports sank to less than $10 million, government revenues below $7 million. The turn was made in 1934, the first year trade began to climb. Yet, until the Second World War, Trujillo was a comparatively poor dictator, even by Latin-American standards. The first big jump in Dominican trade, from $31 million to $50 million, took place in 1942. There was an even bigger jump, from $94 million to $137 million, in 1946-1947. Trujillo has had a favorable balance of trade of $35 million or more for the past twelve years. This explains more about the strength of his régime than the terrorism, which has become somewhat obsolete.

There was only one time that Trujillo's power proved inadequate. That was in 1936, when the Dominican Congress insisted on changing the name of the capital from Santo Domingo, founded by Bartolomé Colón (Christopher Columbus's brother) in 1496, to Ciudad Trujillo. A régime with that much gall had no more fear of enemies and rivals, even Columbus.

In one way, however, old Bartolomé had his revenge. As one tourist official said, trying to explain why so few U.S. tourists came: "The whole world knew about Santo Domingo, but who knows where Ciudad Trujillo is?"



Paladin of Democracy

Trujillo himself is by no means easily classified. He disgusts some people, fascinates others, and can disgust and fascinate simultaneously.

One part of Trujillo does not live in the present at all, but rather in the feudal past. He exacts fealty and tribute, but he periodically makes the rounds to listen to his vassals' troubles. The fact that he calls himself President is merely a concession to a foreign fad. For everyday use, he is El Jefe. (U.S. residents like to call him the Big Boss.) On most occasions, he prefers to be addressed as Generalissimo Doctor, the latter representing honorary degrees from the local university and the University of Pittsburgh.

When his subjects really wish to please him, they make up a long list of titles. I went to a saint's-day celebration in his home town of San Cristóbal, where the printed program was dedicated to "Honorable President of the Republic, Benefactor of the Fatherland, Genius of Peace, Hero of Labor and Paladin of Democracy."

Much of this idolatry appears almost childishly naïve. Some of it has curiously religious overtones: Trujillo's name has merely been substituted for God or Christ. Even if some of this show is put on to impress peasants, a hard core of preposterous personal vanity is left.

There are three things that Trujillo is particularly boastful about: his wardrobe, his horsemanship, and his sex appeal. As a result of his fondness for expensive suits and ties, well advertised as coming from Paris, London, and New York, the upper class dresses far more fashionably than in most relatively poor countries. In the hottest afternoons, men wear jackets and ties in the streets of Ciudad Trujillo because El Jefe likes it that way.

Riding and shooting are his only sports. Even at sixty, he is still a good-looking man who knows how to turn on charm. One of the few liberties that his hangers-on take with his private life is to joke boastfully about his exploits with women. Nanita permits himself to write: "A woman's beautiful face is for him the best card of introduction" —a card which many a husband has regretted showing, if a fraction of the stories can be believed.

The Chinese Wall

Then there is the ruthless, wily man of action. He is admittedly a very able organizer and hard worker. He boasts that his government employees start working at 7:30 A.M., with no loafing permitted. My experience bore this out. However the government's working day ends at 1:30 P.M. This enables Trujillo to get the most out of the civil servants, since the Dominican afternoon was not made for work anyway; and it gives them enough spare time to take a second job to make ends meet, since their salaries are not enough to live on. In private, he likes to listen to people, then give a curt order. In public, he rabble-rouses with the best.

There is no more "blood in the streets," yet he never relaxes. He likes to pop in on his underlings and demand

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sudden accountings. In case any of them should get dangerous ideas, he never lets them warm the same seat for too long. It is unusual for any official, including Cabinet Ministers, to hold the same job for over a year. These regular, frequent shake-ups demonstrate his power; they also reveal how congenital his fear and distrust are.

"Trujillo has no advisers," Nanita writes admiringly. "Withdrawn in himself, he is more impenetrable than a Chinese wall. Various subordinates can be informed at the same time of a plan conceived by Trujillo; but each one knows only the part assigned to him; the rest remain in ignorance. Nobody, not even those who seem most intimate with him, could ever say that he knows all that Trujillo knows of his policy."

Nanita himself tells why: "His distrust, his innate suspicion will always save him from the political error that has ruined so many rulers in America: that the President himself supplied the arms and provided the prestige to the one who overthrew him. . ." As in the case of President Vásquez and General Trujillo in 1930, Nanita might have added.

To this day, every car that leaves Ciudad Trujillo has to stop at military check-points to give its destination and license number. I once asked my official guide why this was necessary and, after a moment's hesitation, he tried to cover up with: "So that they can get help if we have an accident." Trujillo's own home in the capital is literally surrounded by a Chinese wall and guarded day and night by armed soldiers.

The Business

El Jefe is also a businessman. In fact, this side of him has become particularly prominent since the war. There is no doubt that Trujillo has made fabulous sums of money; otherwise he could not hand out so much. Unlike most Latin-American dictators, who never have much trouble getting rich, he is unusually free with money, both in getting and giving; or, as one of his financial advisers put it, "He likes to keep it circulating."

At first he succeeded in making, or rather taking, money in the traditional way. He gave himself the salt monopoly, which is believed to have netted him as much as $400,000 a year. By

now he has gone far beyond that sort of thing, and even U.S. investors and officials have learned to respect his business acumen. He drives a hard bargain and cuts himself into everything. Yet cynics say that there is less graft in the Dominican Republic than elsewhere; there is only one grafter.

Just what and how much Trujillo owns and controls is not recorded. It is practically certain that he has big investments in cement, milk, peanut oil, sisal ropes and bags, beer, meat, and—more recently and most important—sugar. But the interest is invariably held in the name of his innumerable relatives or closest henchmen. For example, when the leading newspaper, *El Caribe,* was started four years ago and Anselmo Paulino turned up as chairman of the board, everyone knew that it was El Jefe's paper because the flabby Paulino sticks as close to him as a shadow.

Just where Trujillo's private property begins and the public domain ends is equally hard to make out. Government trucks and other equipment were freely used on the two new Dominican sugar mills. Sometimes Trujillo starts an enterprise and blandly announces that he is turning it over to the government. One foreign observer, whose job it is to know who owns what, proposed a simple formula: If it loses money, it's government-owned; if it makes money, it's El Jefe's.

Trujillo has not become rich and powerful alone. A whole new class of *nouveaux riches* has sprung up behind him. It can be seen in the new luxurious residential district that is spreading out between the U.S. Embassy and the university. This development is probably the most important single explanation of why the dictatorship is stronger than ever today.

The New Aristocracy

The old Dominican ruling class was a small landed aristocracy. Its wealth was based on coffee, cocoa, and tobacco. About three-quarters of the main crop, sugar, was controlled by two U.S. corporations. High prices brought high profits during the war. But high profits also brought high taxes. The government's income, which was still only about $12 million in 1940, is closer to $75 million today. Whoever controlled the government controlled the largest reservoir of capital in the country. And Trujillo controlled the government.

Even before the war had ended, in 1944, a stab at industrialization was made. A slaughterhouse and refrigeration plant was built with capital undoubtedly supplied by Trujillo and the men around him in the government. After the war, investments came in rapid succession. The two requirements were native raw materials and a sure home market. About sixty thousand tons of cement used to be imported annually. U.S. experts were brought in to put up a cement factory, without

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which there would not be the present building boom. The same procedure was used in peanut oil, sisal ropes and bags, textiles, beer, and milk. A rice expert was borrowed from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and fifty thousand tons are now grown instead of imported.

Thus a "new group" of Dominican capitalists has come up. It owes its very existence to El Jefe; in fact, his political henchmen and his economic associates are practically indistinguishable. Not only has Trujillo provided himself with a new ruling class; he virtually forced the old one to subsidize it.

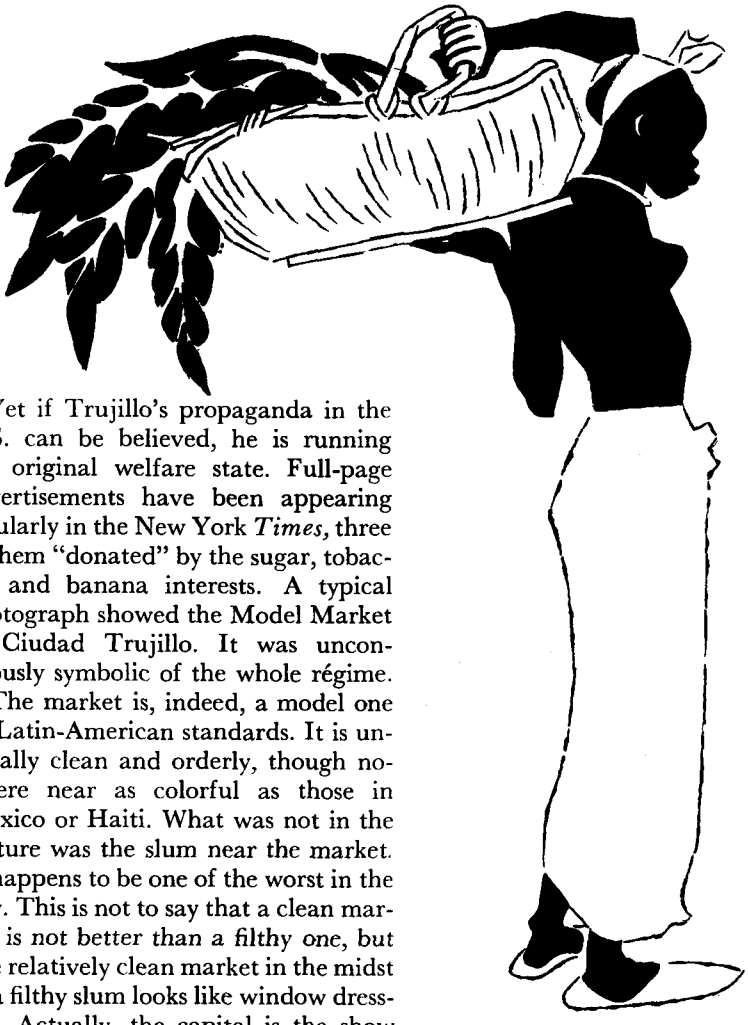
The Showcase

How much has trickled down to the masses of people? Some—but not much.

The basic realities are still the same. As far as three-quarters of the population on the land is concerned, a peasant economy based on four cheap-labor crops—sugar, cocoa, coffee, and tobacco—prevails as always. Trujillo had nothing to do with the country's fundamental good fortune—that there are not too many people for too little land. On the same small island, Haiti is about half the size and has a third more people. In an expanding economy without overpopulation, there is relatively full employment: another reason for the internal stability of Trujillo's régime.

Everyone works and works hard because, in the last analysis, everyone works first of all for the régime. The biggest cut of the profits is taken by the government, which obtains about half of its revenues from indirect taxes on production, exports, and imports. For example, the tax on sugar production is the single largest source of public revenue. As a result, a pound of sugar in Ciudad Trujillo costs about twice as much as it does in New York. The same is true for rice. Probably only Caracas has a higher cost of living than Ciudad Trujillo.

The latest official statistics on wages only go as far as November, 1949, but not much has changed since then. These show that the average daily wage was $1.76. In the capital, where wages are highest, forty-seven per cent received less than $1.50 a day. The Hotel Jaragua is so expensive that *El Caribe* recently denounced its exorbitant prices on the front page.



Yet if Trujillo's propaganda in the U.S. can be believed, he is running the original welfare state. Full-page advertisements have been appearing regularly in the New York *Times,* three of them "donated" by the sugar, tobacco, and banana interests. A typical photograph showed the Model Market in Ciudad Trujillo. It was unconsciously symbolic of the whole régime.

The market is, indeed, a model one by Latin-American standards. It is unusually clean and orderly, though nowhere near as colorful as those in Mexico or Haiti. What was not in the picture was the slum near the market. It happens to be one of the worst in the city. This is not to say that a clean market is not better than a filthy one, but one relatively clean market in the midst of a filthy slum looks like window dressing. Actually, the capital is the show place of the country. A few minutes' ride outside the city and the same old miserable shacks monopolize the landscape.

Organizing the Opposition

And now, at the age of sixty, Trujillo has such a smooth, efficient political machine that he no longer feels the need to run it day by day himself. He is turning over the government to his youngest brother, forty-three-year-old General Héctor Bienvenido Trujillo Molina, to free himself for more important matters.

In the days of Hitler and Mussolini, the political setup in the Dominican Republic was easily recognizable. From 1931 to 1945, there was only the Partido Dominicano. El Jefe belonged to the exclusive Generalissimos' Club of Il Duce, Der Führer, and later El Caudillo. The year the war ended, however, Trujillo discovered that one party in a state was not enough. He "invited" some survivors of the pre-Trujillo parties, who had long ago made their peace with him, to organize a party of the "Right," Partido Nacional Democrático, and a party of the "Left," Partido Laborista Nacional. Thus the Dominican Republic became a "democracy." In the election of 1947, the Partido Dominicano was credited with 781,389 votes, the Partido Democrático with 29,765, and the Partido Laborista with 29,186.

I had a most amusing talk with the active head of the Partido Dominicano, Vicente Tolentino Rojas, a wiry old man with twinkling eyes and leathery skin. When I asked him about the political system, he could not remember the names of the other parties. He called in an assistant, who likewise scratched his head in vain. It took a little research outside the office to produce the information. "They are so small, they do not count," Señor Tolentino explained good-humoredly.

To prove his point, he told me that he expected about 1,080,000 votes in the coming 1952 election, and the latest enrollment in the Partido Domin-

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icano showed a total of 1,062,911 members. The party's finances are extraordinarily simple. All government employees who are members of the party—and of course all of them are—pay a flat ten per cent of their salaries to the party. This brings in about $1.5 million a year.

Life in a Neo-Democracy

The nomination of a winning Presidential candidate is also no problem for the Partido Dominicano. Despite a statement by El Jefe two years ago that he was not going to run again, a "popular" press campaign for his re-election had become so intense that everyone believed that he had changed his mind. This was the situation on last July 17, when the Partido Dominicano called together two thousand delegates to beg El Jefe to accept a fourth term.

A blow-by-blow account of the meeting shows how uncomplicated Trujillo's new democracy can be. It opened at 9:30 A.M. in the elegant auditorium of the big white party headquarters in the capital. The first piece of business was the presentation to El Jefe by university students of the "Collar of Democracy." After it was placed around his neck, he made a twenty-minute speech in praise of his régime. Then came a recess.

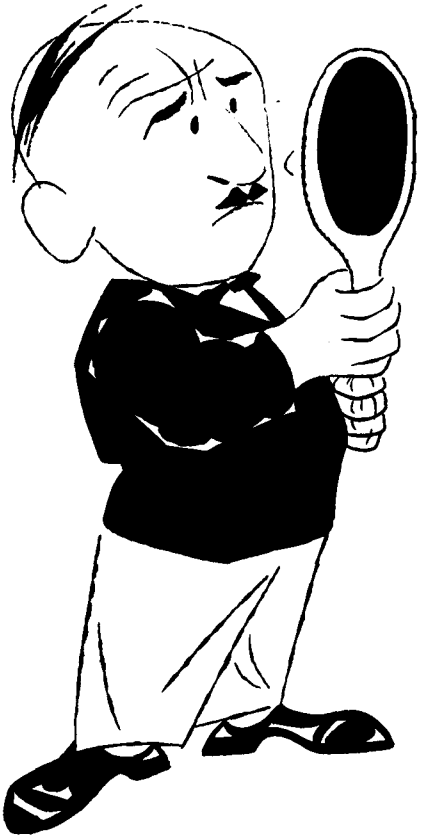
At about 10:30 Trujillo spoke again, this time to announce that he had decided against his own re-election. When the audience realized what was happening, it was genuinely stunned. As usual El Jefe had taken almost no one into his confidence. Many thought he was merely asking for a little more enthusiasm, and they shouted "No! No! No!" at the top of their lungs. By the time he was through, it was clear that he meant it, and the overwhelming majority of delegates were at a complete loss for the next step.

No sooner had Trujillo finished, however, than spry old Tolentino Rojas jumped up and nominated General Héctor Trujillo. Then it all became clear and everyone quieted down. Little pieces of paper were handed out giving the delegates the privilege of marking whether they were for Héctor. No other candidate was mentioned. Héctor won unanimously. The whole affair was over by noon. A delegation went off to offer Héctor the nomination, and he graciously accepted.

With the same solicitude for just the right democratic touch, Secretary of the Interior Hungría invited the other two parties to nominate candidates and get into the campaign. The head of the Partido Democrático immediately begged off with the excuse that he was too sick. The Partido Laborista has not been heard from at all. This might be considered a reflection on Secretary Hungría's promise of fair play, if all the politicos were not such good friends and if anyone cared.

The only thing worse than Trujillo's former contempt for democracy is his latest pose as its champion. Not merely any ordinary variety of democracy, to be sure, but one specially adapted to his people's needs, a Trujillista "neo-democracy." He has his editorial writers compose absurdly pompous little essays on the superiority of his unique and inimitable political system. It had to be called the "Collar of *Democracy.*"

Of course no one is fooled, certainly no one with any knowledge of Latin America. The *American Political Science Review* of June, 1951, published a report by Russell H. Fitzgibbon of the University of California at Los Angeles on the democratic achievements of the twenty Latin-American states. In 1945 and again in 1950, ten outstanding authorities from ten different U.S. institutions were asked to rank them on the basis of fifteen criteria, such as freedom of speech, free elections, and absence of foreign domination. Both times the Dominican Republic came out nineteenth.



'. . . fears that his thoughts will appear on his face . . .'

The Brigadier in Short Pants

Will the substitution of the younger Héctor for the older Rafael make any difference?

This is the second time the latter will have handed over the government to someone else, but this time it means much more. In 1938, El Jefe put in an old man with a famous Dominican name, Jacinto B. Peynado, who was so comically subservient that one of his first acts was to make Trujillo's son Ramfis, then only ten years old, a brigadier general! (Ramfis resigned when he was fifteen, and today, at the age of twenty-two, he is merely a captain and an ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary.) Peynado was only a stopgap; General Héctor Trujillo represents a dynasty; and after Héctor, there is Ramfis.

Rafael has been carefully grooming Héctor for the succession for a long time. Héctor joined the army at eighteen in 1926 and began to get rapid promotions four years later when his brother took power. Héctor was entrusted with the most difficult and most important task of the régime—control of the army. He has served as chief of staff and as Minister of War, Navy, and Air.

As long as Rafael lives, the real power will be his, whatever the name of the President is. He may leave the country on a foreign tour, as he did last time, but he has too much at stake to take the slightest chances. Yet Héctor was always the younger brother who did not have to fight to get ahead. He did not have to develop the ruthlessness and cunning of the older brother. Héctor is considered a rather shy, pleasant, and moderate person. The question is whether he will develop his brother's more brutal qualities if he has to stand alone.

Thought and Irrigation Canals

The important thing is to see Trujillo's work in some perspective. The system

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that Trujillo replaced was by no means a democracy, and it was much weaker and poorer. He has accomplished more than his enemies are willing to admit and much less than his propagandists are paid to invent. To close one's eyes to the fact that he has taken the country out of debt, stabilized the currency, built public works, exploited a favorable balance of trade, virtually created a new middle class, inaugurated new industries, and provided two decades of political stability is to underestimate the nature of the moral evil he represents. On the other hand, these benefits have accrued almost exclusively to the ten per cent who own ninety per cent of the material wealth.

The price that the Dominican people as a whole are paying for the dynasty was best expressed by one Dominican exile. Asked why he had left, he answered in a voice filled with anger and anguish: "Would you like to live there? There is not even freedom to think—I do not speak of freedom to speak. You will ask, 'How can a man be prevented from thinking whatever he pleases?' But a man fears that his thoughts will appear on his face. He fears to think because he may give himself away. Would you like to exchange this for a bridge or an irrigation canal?"

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Draper on the Trujillo régime.)

Document from a Police State

Perón's Gestapo versus a student named Bravo and a doctor who put ethics before professional success

EDITH ROSE

ONE NIGHT last June, in Buenos Aires's Teatro Colón, a pianist finished a Beethoven concerto, rose, and bowed to the applause of the audience. The shouts of "Bravo!" that greeted him were not unusual for a Latin-American theater, but they continued for several minutes and grew louder until they developed into a deafening chant. It was obvious that the audience was playing a game. "Bravo!" had, in fact, suddenly become the rallying cry for the silenced opposition to the régime of Juan Perón.

The brutal secret imprisonment for over a month last spring of a student named Ernesto Mario Bravo may be remembered in Argentina after Perón's staged mass demonstrations are forgotten. The immediate result of Bravo's disappearance was serious unrest and a strike among university students. When he was finally brought to trial, mostly because of this unrest, not only was the government's case against him blown wide open, but the fumbling of Perón's police was flagrantly exposed. The final historical result of the case was to give the world well-documented evidence of the police-state methods employed by Perón.

Bravo, a twenty-four-year-old chemistry student at the National University, was forcibly taken from his home in Buenos Aires by the police on May 17. Four days afterward, when his mother attempted to file a writ of habeas corpus, the police denied all knowledge of her son. Subsequently they released to the Buenos Aires papers a report that they were "searching for" Bravo because of his part in local Communist activities.

Meanwhile, Bravo's fellow students at the National University had begun to hear about his disappearance. When an unidentified body was discovered in a vacant lot, a report swept the university that it was Bravo's. On June 11, a student strike began. This presently spread to the high schools, and protests from thousands of parents flooded in.

These protests finally had some effect on those responsible for Bravo's arrest—the officials of the police division called the Sección Especial, or Special Section, whose task was to root out subversive activities. In any event, the police suddenly announced on June 14 that Bravo had been arrested *the night before*. The announcement was accompanied by a lurid account of how Bravo had resisted arrest by firing on a police car, and by charges that he had been expelled from the Escuela Industrial once and was also an army deserter. Newspaper accounts of the arrest were accompanied by a photograph of a bullet-riddled police car, presumably the one Bravo had attacked.

A Courageous Doctor

When Bravo's trial took place a week later, over a month after he had originally been imprisoned, one man was in a position to disprove the false police account of his arrest. Not only did this man's testimony find its way into the court proceedings, but on the basis of it the case against Bravo was thrown out and four of the police officers implicated were brought to trial themselves.

The man whose testimony was primarily responsible for this amazing reversal was a physician named Alberto

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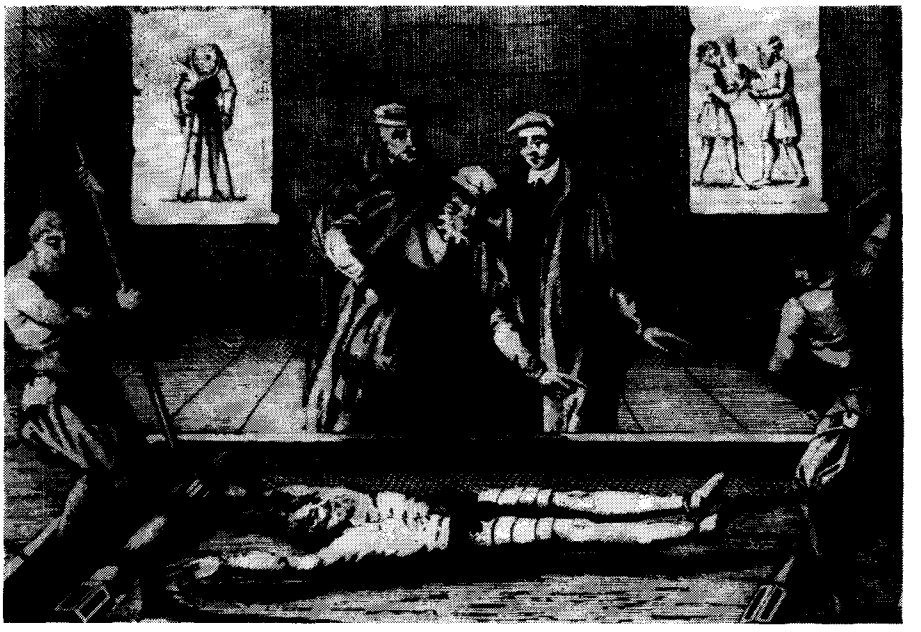
Julián Caride. He had been called on May 18, a few hours after Bravo's arrest, by Officer José Faustino Amoresano of the Special Section, who had suddenly become worried about the strenuous way the youth had been worked over in the section after his refusal to sign a confession of subversive activities. Dr. Caride, who lived near headquarters, had received such midnight professional calls several times before, and had become increasingly appalled at what he saw when he answered them. Caride found Bravo beaten to a point near death. Although it was subsequently established that Bravo had in fact been engaged in Communist activities, and although such activities were politically repugnant to Caride, those of the police were even more repugnant morally, and he decided that, regardless of his professional career, he would act. He fled across the River Plata to Uruguay, but made sure that his deposition would reach the court when Bravo finally came to trial. Here is Caride's statement:



The Bettmann Archive

THIS IS TO CERTIFY

Before the Judge of this court that I, Alberto Julián Caride, residing in this city at 261 Rio Bamba Street, do respectfully declare . . . that:

Having been informed that you have been instructed to determine the facts relating to the deprivation of liberty of Ernesto Mario Bravo, student, I comply with my duty in bringing to light the events about which I have knowledge and which relate to the determination of the above-mentioned summary proceedings.

Early in the morning of May 18, 1951, at approximately three o'clock, my wife answered a telephone call which came from the Special Section of the police. They asked for me. When I went to the phone, an Officer Amoresano answered, told me that he was sending a car to pick me up but did not tell me for what purpose. After I arrived at the Special Section, Commissioner Cipriano Lombilla told me that I was to attend a prisoner who . . . had been beaten.

On the floor of an office, I examined a man of about twenty-four years of age, tall and robust. He was in a state of semi-consciousness, had large hematomae, particularly on his head and face; these bruises disfigured his features. A big swelling on the left side covered the left ear, extended all the way to his neck. There were bruises over the lids which kept him from opening his eyes, also bruises over the left jawbone. On examining the cranial region a depression in the left parietal wall could be noted with crepitation of the bone, and one spot on the back part of the head was so painful to the touch as to bring forth deep groans despite the man's semi-conscious condition. At the second left rib line, there was evidence of a possible fracture. The right hand was in a bandage, but fractures of the bones of the fourth and fifth fingers were apparent. He also had bruises of the metacarpus (left) and on his legs.

Medication or Truck?

When I had completed my examination, I informed Commissioner Lombilla that the wounded man had a possible head injury, possible fracture of the ribs, and two fractures of the finger bones, but that a diagnosis by X ray was imperative and that due to the seriousness of his condition it was absolutely necessary to hospitalize the patient. The policeman answered that it would be easier to get rid of the man by having a truck run over him. Lombilla then informed me that the prisoner had been beaten by ten members of the section (without explicit authorization) for his refusal to sign a deposition, which he had torn into bits. He added that he [Lombilla] could allow the man to live only if a way could be found to have him cared for in the Special Section and if he could be transferred at the earliest possible moment to some other place. He warned me that any indiscretion on my part would result in the elimination of the prisoner as well as of myself.

Of course, it was not my personal fate which concerned me, but that of this unknown individual who was on the point of death and whom I could save by resolving to put aside fears for my own security and even for my life. For this reason, not only was I ready to give the necessary medical assistance but I insisted . . . that Commissioner Lombilla allow me to apply my professional knowledge in order to save the prisoner's life.

Once he had agreed, I served notice that it was urgent to bring in materials with which to treat the man. I was not allowed to go for these alone. I was accompanied to my office in an automobile by Amoresano, who stopped first for another member named Ferreira, whom we picked up in Callao Street, between Viamonte and Tucumán. With this escort I arrived at my office, where I took syringes, liquid glucose, blood coagulator, coramin, a catheter, etc., and we then returned to the Special Section. Here I administered the essentials, left instructions to the effect that the prisoner had to be put to bed, that he was to have ice bags, covering, hot packs, penicillin, etc. . . .

At six-fifteen the Saturday morning

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following, I was able to return home.

From that moment on, I remained literally sequestered by the police, who let me understand very firmly that I could come and go out only in one of their vehicles. That is to say, I was not to be allowed to use taxi service, which I habitually did for my calls.

At nine-thirty that same Saturday morning I received a phone call, which my wife answered, from Amoresano, who asked whether I intended going out that morning or afternoon so that a car and an escort could be sent. It was obvious that I could not stir in any other way since police were stationed in front of my home.

At four o'clock a police car arrived bringing an investigator named Saporiti, under whose scrutiny I made all my professional visits up to eleven o'clock that night, at which time Saporiti took me to the Special Section. There they informed me that the name of the prisoner was Bravo and that his mother's name was Matarazzo.

My daily visits to the prisoner continued until the following Sunday, always under guard of the police lieutenant, Saporiti.

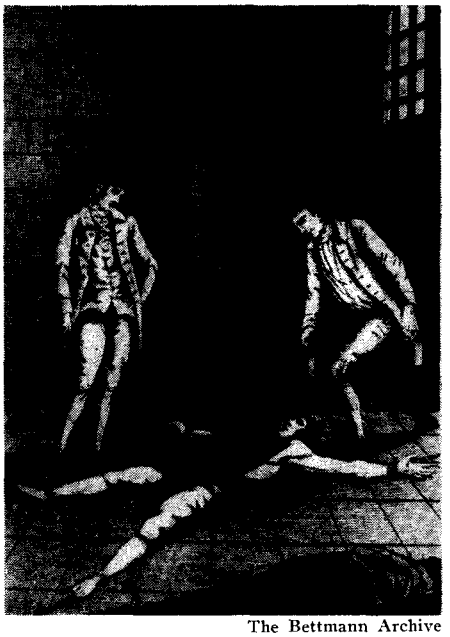
On the third or fourth day, I cannot recall exactly which, they covered Bravo's face while I treated him to prevent his recognizing me, for by that time he had regained consciousness.

The Wheels Turn

I had, of course, originally insisted that the prisoner have absolute rest. After the resort to habeas corpus the heads of the Special Section still feared some slip in the judicial "wheels" which they said they controlled and, apprehensive of some unforeseen judicial interference, they began to urge me to accede to the prisoner's removal from the offices of the Special Section. . . .

Consequently, at one o'clock in the morning of Monday, May 28, a truck arrived at the 8th Division, and they took the prisoner down on his mattress and in elastic bed straps, giving him, by way of precaution, two centigrams of morphine. . . . We arrived at a country house, situated near the Marquez Bridge, on the heights of Paso del Rey, Villa Zapiola. This place was called San José, near Gaona Street.

In this house I continued visiting Bravo every other day. . . . He was kept in bed, confined by handcuffs at his wrists and by elastic straps attached to



The Bettmann Archive

his bed. On Saturday, June 9, in the morning, I learned that there was to be a strike at the university and that there were rumors that Bravo was dead. During the afternoon I went as usual to see the patient and his condition was satisfactory. They then told me that very early that Sunday morning, June 10, they were going to set him free, for which reason his suit had been sent to the cleaner's and, because his shoes had been taken from him in the Special Section, a search of the house had been made in order to find another pair.

The patient was fairly well by that time, was getting up for an hour a day, and at the end was becoming quite restless.

It was decided that there was no further reason for me to visit the prisoner again since it had been decided that on Sunday morning he would be left in some street, in order to let it be thought that the Communists themselves had detained him. My unsolicited professional duty thus ended, Commissioner Lombilla took it upon himself to warn me once more about my strict and personal discretion. . . .

Here then, Your Honor, are the major events. I lived through them aware of the attendant dangers but also came to the irrevocable determination to save the life of the young prisoner, who was of course a stranger to me. . . .

I, Your Honor, have done my duty. The anxiety of those last days, during which Bravo did not appear, notwithstanding the announcement of Commissioner Lombilla, was happily relieved on the morning of June 14, 1951, when I read in the police columns of the press that Bravo was alive . . .

. . . I make this declaration without thought for my own person. I had to go directly to you to make this statement, which Dr. Miguel Angel Zavala Ortiz, in the capacity of attorney, subscribes to.

You have it herewith and will judge accordingly.

I add further that I wish most emphatically to emphasize before Your Honor that I have not nor have I ever had any connection whatever with the Communist Party or with its members, whose ideology I reject.

Signed: Alberto J. Caride
Miguel A. Zavala Ortiz

Justice Triumphs (Slightly)

At the trial on June 21, Caride's affidavit, plus Bravo's testimony and a certificate he produced proving that he had not only never been expelled from the Escuela Industrial but had actually graduated from it with highest honors, served to convince Judge Oscar Berlingieri that the police had lied outrageously. Bravo was set free, and four police officers, including Lombilla and Amoresano, were subsequently indicted. When they came before another judge, Dr. Sadi Massue, in July, he found them guilty of "the use of violence."

La Nación, which was the only big Buenos Aires paper to cover the case at all, declared in a lead editorial that Judge Massue's findings against the policemen would "satisfy public indignation in the case." They did not satisfy the indignation of Dr. Caride, who pointed out from Uruguay that ten men had actually been involved in the beating, that the police chief who had denied the writ of habeas corpus had not been indicted, and that the charge against the four policemen should actually have been the more serious one of kidnaping.

These protests were of course ignored, and presently the officers who had been found guilty were set free by a higher court, which reversed Massue's decision.

A provincial Argentine paper, *La Comuna,* which had been the only publication in the country to print Dr. Caride's affidavit, subsequently lost its mailing privileges. Six students who had taken part in the strike got jail terms of one to two weeks.

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Dispatch from Paris: European Unity Now

JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

Late last month, speaking at a luncheon of diplomatic press correspondents in Paris, Robert Schuman made an important declaration, which attracted very little notice because he refused to enlarge upon it at the time, and has been unwilling to speak about it since. This was it:

"I believe that the essential problem is to know whether or not we can create, in the immediate future, a supranational European political authority. . . . I feel that everything that we have accomplished up till now in the service of Europe—the coal-and-steel pool, the plan for a European army—drives us further and further toward this necessity of reaching a solution at the political level." And he added: "Possibly I myself may be delegated to go before the Strasbourg assembly on November 26 to present this conviction as representative of the French government."

Mr. Schuman's remarks came as a considerable surprise. Of course, political federation of Europe has been the logical conclusion of French foreign policy ever since the Schuman Plan came up eighteen months ago. But no one thought that political federation would really be considered before the first half of 1952. For not until then could the existing projects—the Schuman Plan and the European army—get through the various parliaments and into action. As of today, neither has even been submitted to any European parliament.

For the past two years the French have used the so-called "functional" approach, which consists in creating separate organisms, each covering a very specific field—coal and steel, agriculture, and the army. The idea has been to move piecemeal in the hope that political federation could come about more or less automatically.

Suddenly Mr. Schuman advocates political federation in the immediate future. Here are the reasons which seem to have changed his mind.

The first is the campaign for German unification launched by the East German Communists. French observers in Bonn report that if the campaign continues—which it is bound to—it will soon become extremely difficult to persuade the West Germans to accept European federation. Faced with the choice between German and European unification, the Germans will tend to choose the former. And a Germany unified by agreement between the West and the Soviet Union would have to be disarmed and neutralized. That, of course, is the aim of the Russians.

The second reason concerns Eisenhower. It now seems that he intends to return to the United States for good by next February. Eisenhower is the best ally of the French government in its policy for European unification. At his instance, American plans for a national German army were set aside in favor of the French project for a European army. Eisenhower has said frequently that European union is an absolutely necessary condition for any serious military effort on the continent. French diplomats feel that if European union is not definitely launched before he leaves Europe, the chances of realizing it will be considerably diminished. Of course, Eisenhower's authority would be even greater as President of the United States, but not during a long political campaign.

The third reason is that the conference of experts on the European army, which has been meeting in Paris for more than a month, has reached a dead end. Mr. Schuman has before him a critical report on the attempt to create a supranational European military authority without at the same time setting up a political, financial, and economic supranational body. "Unwilling to create a sovereign European organism," the report says, "the conference tacitly proposes an American general [the SHAPE commander] as Europe's sovereign."

Perhaps the last reason is the most serious of all. Day by day, France's political climate is becoming less favorable to any abdication of sovereignty, because the common danger—Stalinism—seems less and less evident to the French.

A clue to the situation was recently given by Edouard Daladier in a speech before the Radical Socialist Congress at Lyons. Mr. Daladier is perhaps the best barometer of French opinion to be found. Most statesmen attempt to convince the public of their own views. Mr. Daladier speaks as he thinks the public wants him to, and finds strong and masterful formulas that express what the public wants to hear. He has shown his mastery of this technique at crucial moments of prewar history, particularly on the occasion of the February 6, 1934, Paris riots and at Munich. Now once again Mr. Daladier is riding the wave. Now, again, he is speaking at a decisive moment. And what does he say? He says: "People keep talking about the Russian cyclone. I don't believe in this cyclone or at least that it is in the sky of Europe . . . the German army is the real danger to peace and the real danger to France."

These words deserve the greatest attention. Mr. Daladier forecasts the weather. When he declares that the Russian danger is a myth and that the real threat is German rearmament, it means that French opinion will soon be reluctant to make any sacrifice of French sovereignty through agreement with Germany for a mutual defense against Stalinism.

Mr. Schuman felt the first gust of the rising storm of pacifism and nationalism. He knows that time is short and that he must drive straight forward to his goal—political federation.

It is not at all certain that he can succeed in making the French government follow him. His idea is revolutionary, and must be smuggled in as gently

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as possible. Some people urge him to summon immediately a European assembly elected directly by universal suffrage. This he cannot do. According to available information, his plan is this: The present project for a European army foresees the creation of an interparliamentary committee—a sort of little European assembly—with mostly negative powers, to serve as a check on the European defense set-up. It is to this committee that Mr. Schuman would give the function of a constituent assembly, with the duty of establishing European federation. By working within the existing framework, the idea of European federation would be formally launched.

Of course, it is hard to predict whether or not these projects can succeed since it is not even entirely sure that the French government will permit them to be proposed so soon. But it seems that the moment is well chosen. The democratic leaders of France, Italy, and Germany face two strong currents. They feel that nationalism and pacifism are gaining mass support and do not like swimming against the tide. But on the other hand, they know that they are powerless when it comes to tackling such crucial problems as rearmament or inflation. To escape from both alternatives, they need to present the masses some spectacular achievement—for instance, the creation of Europe.

It is not impossible that the awareness of their own impotence may give European democratic leaders the courage to stand against nationalism. If this happens, because of or in spite of the present government leaders, there is still a chance that Europe may be created.

India at the Polls

'The first large-scale test of the illiterate Asian peasant in ballot-box democracy'

JEAN LYON

A CANDIDATE campaigning for office in India's first attempt at nationwide adult franchise said to a group of constituents, "If you want to vote for me, you must drop your ballots in my box on Election Day. My box will be the one with the picture of two yoked bullocks on it."

A spokesman for the constituents, who are hill people, rose from his squatting position on the ground. "We do not want to drop our ballots in a box," he said. "We would rather give them to you."

The candidate, Rajkumari (Princess) Amrit Kaur, who long ago gave up her royal perquisites to follow Gandhi, and who is now the only woman in Nehru's Cabinet, tried in her gentle Hindi to explain the matter to these people who speak a mountain dialect of their own. She had nearly 200,000 constituents, she said (she was running for the new Parliament, to be called hereafter the House of the People), who would vote in approximately two hundred polling booths, some of which were several mountain ranges and five to ten days by foot or pony from the nearest motor road. It would be difficult for her to be present at each polling booth to receive the votes in person.

The villagers found this hard to understand. Not until she explained that she was a representative of the Mahatma did the villagers begin to accept her word. He was a god of whom they knew. So that made everything all right. They would put their ballots in the box.

Seventy Per Cent Illiteracy

Never has the world known such elections as are being launched in India this autumn. Never has there been so large an electorate. India's eligible voters number 175 million—all adults of sane mind.

Never before has a young would-be democracy faced such dizzying problems in its first popular elections. Seventy per cent of the voters, it is estimated, cannot even sign their names. For this reason parties and even independent candidates are being assigned symbols, and each will have his own ballot box with his symbol on it.

Tigers and Headhunters

Approximately eighty-five per cent of these voters live in rural areas, many hard to reach by any known means of transport. In the Mikir Hills in Assam a polling station must be set up for an isolated community located fifty-six miles from the nearest motor road in a trackless forest, where anything from a tiger to a head-hunting tribesman might be hiding. Election Commissioner Sukumar Sen is not even sure that his officials will return alive with the sealed ballot boxes. But he must send them, for everyone must have the chance to vote. His aim is to put a polling station within three miles of every citizen, but in the mountains and the Rajasthan Desert he considers that placing them ten miles apart is doing well.

Weather, as well as terrain, is a problem which makes a single Election Day for the country an impossibility. In two districts in the Himalayas, which

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are snowbound by November, elections had to be held before the end of October. But while these spots were still accessible, the Laccadive Islands, nearly two hundred miles off the southwest coast of India, were cut off by heavy seas, which even the Indian Navy refused to cross last spring to pick up the electoral rolls. Election Days must be fitted in between monsoon rains which isolate hundreds of villages by flood, and between the short but strenuous plowing, planting, and harvesting seasons which come at different times in various parts of the country. As a result, the election schedule is staggered over three and a half months, beginning in October and ending in mid-February, 1952. For most of the country January 24 is the final date. Now it has become a race between the elements and India's new Constitution, which calls for a session of Parliament within six months after the last one. The old Parliament, made up of members of the Constituent Assembly, went home in October, which means that the new House of the People should be ready to meet by April.

The preparations have been gigantic. There will be 225,000 polling stations, some in open lots, some under ancient trees, some in schoolhouses or courthouses or village meeting halls. Over 2,100,000 steel ballot boxes, designed to be proof against any tampering, have been made, at an average cost to the government of one dollar. Some 620 million ballots have been printed.

Bullocks and Ballots

To meet the problem of illiteracy, the Election Commissioner has had to devise a system of symbols which would neither exploit religious feelings nor arouse any local superstitions. He had to avoid cows and monkeys, which are sacred; the spinning wheel, which recalls Gandhi; and even the fairly well-advertised hammer and sickle. There was a mad scramble among the various political parties for symbols which would appeal to India's peasants. In the first round of the battle, most of the parties wanted to use a plow in some combination, so Commissioner Sen had to rule out the plow.

Now Congress has settled down with its pair of yoked bullocks, and the Communist Party has had to be content with a sickle and ears of corn. The new

Peasants', Workers', and People's (Kisan-Mazdoor-Praja) Party chose a hut, but has found that before it can have the pictures printed for the ballot boxes it must wait for designs to come in from various districts. As a party official explained it: "In some places huts are round, and in some places they are square, and some have thatched roofs and some have slate. So we must have a different design for each area, so that the people will know what it is." Other symbols already assigned include a tree for the Socialists, a horse and rider for the Hindu Mahasabha, and an elephant for the All-India Scheduled Castes Federation (an untouchables' organization).

Some Candidates

In spite of all these Brobdingnagian problems, something is stirring in the countryside—a sort of gawky gosling of the democratic process. It has aspects that are comic and some that are sordid. It also has aspects that are healthy and exuberant.

In the foothills of the Himalayas, in the newly formed state of Himachal Pradesh, which until independence was a miscellany of small areas ruled by rajahs and chieftains, I met my first election candidates. Never before in the history of most of this area have there been elections of any kind except perhaps for an occasional show of hands at a public meeting. So the candidates were all new to the game, and most of those I met in my journeys through the country were young people in their twenties and thirties.

At a place called Kasumpti, just outside Simla, summer capital of India during British rule, at the top of a steep hill, is the District Magistrate's office. Some seventy candidates were gathered there to file their nomination papers for thirteen seats in the state assembly. Some had walked for several days to reach the short motor road. They had come by foot, pony, and bus.

Sitting on the grass, in full view of the snow-capped peaks, I talked with about twenty of them, haphazardly chosen. With the exception of two, who were members of the "scheduled castes" (the untouchables and low castes), they all spoke English, which indicated that they had at least gone through high school. A number had gone far beyond that.

Among them were practicing lawyers, several merchants, an army officer who had resigned his commission just for the election, the twenty-six-year-old ex-Rajah of Keonthal (the only one whose papers were being filed by proxy), and cultivators who grew potatoes and apples, the two main crops of the area.

They were a mixture of personalities, political faiths, and castes.

Gopi Ram was anti-Congress, for, he said, Congress "wants to keep us in subjection." He was running on the ticket of the Scheduled Castes Federation, which only that week was being organized in Himachal Pradesh. He was contesting a seat in one of the double constituencies, where one of the two seats is reserved for an untouchable. (That word is seldom used here now, and with most Indians it goes against the grain, for under the new Constitution all men are equal.) Gopi Ram is young, full of confidence, and extremely earnest.

Standing on the edge of the crowd as I talked to the others was a man whom I found myself glancing at more and more often. He had strong features—a large bony nose, a long face, a strong mouth. He did not say anything until I directed a question to him. He looked interesting.

His name, it turned out, was Bala Nand Chauhan. He was neither Brahman nor outcaste, but a Rajput—a high caste, proud of its heritage. Nor was he Congress or anti-Congress.

He was thirty-two years old, he said, and lived on the family land, which included a small orchard and potato fields. He and his family tilled it themselves, but at heavy planting and harvesting seasons they employed seasonal labor. For his region he was a well-to-do farmer.

He had a very specific program for his district, because he had a story. His village was eighteen miles from the

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nearest motor road. When he came home in 1947 after a spell of office work in Delhi, he found that it cost him six rupees (then $1.81) to transport by mule pack one maund (eighty pounds) of apples or potatoes from his village to the motor road. He inquired into the costs of motor transportation, and found that the same amount of produce could be sent by truck over the same distance for ten annas (then about twenty cents). He decided that what his village needed was a road.

Bala Nand Chauhan didn't daydream. He went to Delhi and talked the Communications Ministry into surveying his district for a road, and into paying part of the construction costs. Then he came home and talked the men of all the villages along the route into providing the labor and donating close to four thousand dollars. The first four miles of the road have been started.

"What we need first in our area are roads and transportation," Chauhan said. "Then we'll be able to get our produce out. We'll grow more, sell it more cheaply, and make more profit. After that we can build schools and health clinics."

The people of his district, he said, had suggested that he run for the state assembly. The Congress Party had offered him its ticket. Although he was not a party member and never had been, he decided to accept the Congress nomination. "The Congress principles are all right," he said, "but I don't like their local quarrels."

Someone in the listening crowd remarked that Nehru had announced that Congress should pick the best men, whether they were party members or not, and several people nodded as they watched Chauhan fill in the final blanks on his papers.

The candidates were by no means all as clear as Gopi Ram and Bala Nand Chauhan. Several stumbled over the question, "What will you promise your people?" One, after thinking it over, said he would try to take care of local grievances. Another referred to his party's election manifesto without going into its details. Some appeared to be self-seekers; they no longer lived the life of the villagers whom they claimed to represent, and seemed to be out for a new form of prestige.

What about the voters? Would they distinguish the chaff from the wheat?

Did they know anything about the complicated political pattern that is developing in India? Did they, in fact, know anything of what elections might mean in the formation of a republic?

To answer some of these questions, I went up the motorable part of the Hindustan-Tibetan highway with a friend who speaks Pahari, the local language of this hill district. Electioneering had not begun in earnest, for the candidates still had a week to wait before their papers would be scrutinized and their nominations made official. Government spokesmen had told us that except for a few broadcasts over All-India Radio on the meaning and mechanics of elections, and several mock elections in the area, there had been no advance educational work among the people. Of course, radios were rare in the hills, and the mock elections had affected only a few hundred.

Two Peasants

On a mountain path we met two peasants. They had been buying salt and tobacco at the nearest bazaar, they said, and were now headed back to their own village. They were Kolis—a "scheduled caste" that usually works on other people's land. One, probably in his forties, had six daughters and two sons. The other man was his uncle.

The younger man did the talking. His face was alert, and he was neither embarrassed at talking nor at a loss for words. To be sure, he said, he had heard about the coming elections. But he wasn't going to vote. What was the use? All the candidates would be wealthy people with much land, who would not understand his problems.

He knew about Congress, but he had never heard of the Scheduled Castes Federation. He knew that the rajah was now out, and a new government had come in. He had no desire to see the rajahs come back, he said. In their time he had had to serve on forced-labor gangs. At least that was over. But the trouble with the new government was that they made it harder to pay one's taxes. He wasn't allowed to grow opium any more, and that had been his best cash crop. He owned a small patch of land, but it wasn't enough for the taxes and the family, so he had to work for other people as well.

His clothes were patched, and although the weather was chilly, they were of cotton. He wore cracked, grayed leather shoes with no laces.

"The main trouble," he volunteered, "is that here the number of people is getting bigger and the amount of food is getting less."

When we asked him for his solution, he said, "Divide the land up more equally."

He had never been to school. He had never been much farther from his own village than he was at that moment.

Five Percenter

Another man had joined us as we talked. He came from the same village, he said, where he was the hereditary village headman. He was of a higher caste. He had interests in five or six villages—all by heredity—and received five per cent of the revenue from the land in all of them.

He would vote, he said. Things weren't so hard for him, he explained, as they were for the other two. In fact they were better for him than they had been under the rajah. He was going to vote for an independent candidate. It was not because he had anything against Congress, but simply that this man was a good man.

Farther on we met a woman, middle-aged and strong-looking in a wiry sort of way. She had been to a neighboring village to see her mother and was now on her way home.

"Are you going to vote?" we asked her. My friend used the English word "vote." The woman repeated it. "What does that mean?" she asked. He tried to explain. The local word for voting, which is seldom used, literally means "lips." She was still puzzled. She said she knew nothing about it. Then she thought, and her right hand for the

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first time relaxed so that her head scarf dropped away from her mouth and her whole face was visible. "I think I did hear my husband talking about something like that one day," she said, "but I paid no attention."

She had heard of Gandhi. She repeated his name several times, nodding her head and smiling. And Nehru? Jawaharlal Nehru? "Ah," she said. "Jawaharlalji." Yes, she knew about him. When we asked her what she knew about him, she couldn't remember.

Others knew more. A man who ran a potato depot, where farmers sold their potatoes for delivery to the Simla market, not only knew for whom he was going to vote but was also quite definite that his wife would vote too. His candidate was a Jan Sangh man—one of the pro-Hindu organizations, similar in its philosophy to the right-wing racialist Hindu Mahasabha. But his reasons were much like other reasons we had been given—"because he is a good man, and he has been here, and we have seen him."

The Dry Run

The preliminary mock elections, held in many districts in every Indian state, were planned more to give the polling officials some experience than to train the public. But in the process, some voters have had their introduction to the ballot box.

In the distant town of Chamba, just south of the Kashmir border, election officials expected a turnout of perhaps a hundred for the mock election. The entire town of several thousand came, dressed in their best regalia, the women laden down with silver anklets and earrings.

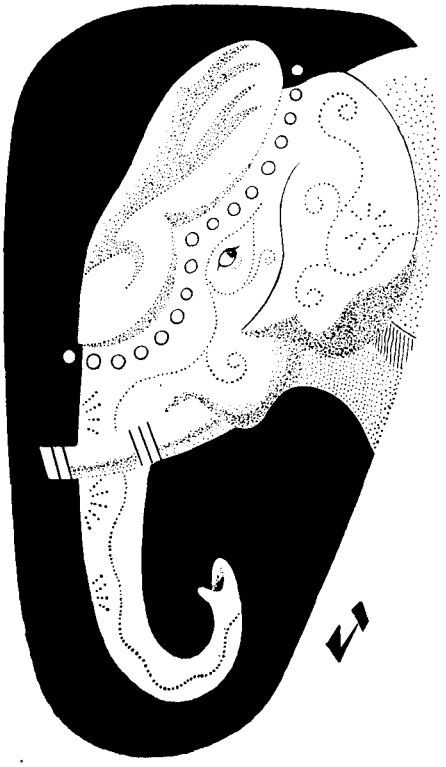
What's more, they had obviously been talking it over. One woman who arrived at the polling booth took time out to tell every official who registered her, daubed her index finger with indellible ink (a precaution aimed at preventing anyone from voting a second time), or gave her instructions on how and where to drop her ballot, not to cheat her: "My son told me which box to put my ballot in, and I'm going to do it. I won't let you cheat me."

The mock elections have also shown up the innocents. At one held just outside Delhi, an old woman got behind the curtain which sectioned off the ballot boxes. The pictures of the symbols pasted on each box fascinated her. One was a water buffalo. She stroked it. "A lovely buffalo," she remarked to the instructress. "What breed is it? How much milk does it give? Do you know its price?" The instructress urged her to choose one box and drop her ballot in it.

"No," said the old lady firmly. "This is mine. They gave it to me, and I will keep it." And she walked out of the polling booth clutching her ballot as though it were a ticket to the Irish Sweepstakes.

This will not only be the first time that the women have voted in many areas, but the first time that some of them have stood in a line in a public place. So rigid are the traditions in some places about mentioning either one's husband's name or one's own name that when the electoral rolls were being compiled some three million women gave incorrect or inadequate names and, consequently, had to be struck off the lists.

There are innumerable stories of the chicanery which went on during the much smaller pre-independence 1946 elections, when voters either had to be literate or own a minimum amount of property. The entire voting population of one town, according to one report, slept through Election Day because it had been given bad but free liquor the night before by the candidate who knew he was bound to lose. He didn't want his opponent's success to be too glorious.



The stories of bribery and manipulation in that election are equally grandiose. This time the Indian government has attempted to place obstacles in the way of some of the tricksters by setting limits on the amount of money a candidate may spend and establishing other safeguards and rules of campaign behavior. These will help, no doubt, but they will not cure.

For All Asia

There may even be violence, for politics in India is crisscrossed by geographical divisions, caste barriers, religious rivalries, and personal feuds and loyalties. And some groups are notoriously hot-tempered.

Out of the 496 Representatives to be elected to the House of the People, many may prove to be inexperienced in democratic procedures. Of the 3,392 who are to be sent to the various state assemblies, a majority may never have heard of the rules of order.

But whatever the immediate results, these elections are bound to be of tremendous significance not only for India but for all of Asia. This will be the first large-scale test of the illiterate Asian peasant in ballot-box democracy. China tried, in a halfhearted fashion, to hold elections based on adult franchise in certain sections during 1947, before the Communists took over the mainland. Neither political leaders nor students of political science had much good to say of those elections or the way they were handled. Even before they were tried, Chinese intellectuals were arguing that the ballot box is a western concept, and that for Asia some other democratic mechanism must be worked out.

India, however, is trying the ballot-box technique on a total scale, and without reservation. As yet neither its intellectuals nor its anti-West elements (including both the far Left and the Hindu extremists on the Right) are suggesting that the method has no validity in an Indian setting. It may be that the latter are merely biding their time, hoping to turn the ballot into a tool of their own before throwing it out. But so far India seems to be entering this first real popular election in all good faith.

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A Congressman Looks at Lobbies

A liberal legislator believes that their abuses are sometimes equaled by their uses in clarifying complex issues

JACOB K. JAVITS

THE LOBBYISTS, by Karl Schriftgiesser. *Little, Brown. 297 pp. $3.50.*

THE LOBBYISTS is an important book with a purpose. It presents a solid body of evidence, dating from the period immediately preceding the Civil War, to show where lobbying has been an evil influence and where it has been beneficial. Lobbying is defined, accurately, as an attempt to influence legislation. In the foreword, Mr. Schriftgiesser gives his recipe for what to do about the evils of lobbying: "I believe that any citizen who petitions the government for a redress of grievances should stand up and say who he is, and what he wants, why he wants it, and who paid his way." That is sound and hardly arguable.

Once we pass that point, something must be said about the book's inadequacies. For one, there is a tone of the muckraker more appropriate to a book pleading the cause of the program popularly called the New Deal-Fair Deal than to a considered analysis of lobbying in our nation's capital. The author's convictions are so strong on this that they are apparent throughout.

For example, while inveighing against lobbies for the real-estate interests, the packers, the physicians, and the public-utility interests, and making a special punching bag of the National Association of Manufacturers (which in the main has only itself to thank for being such an obvious target), the author finds it hard to say an unkind word even for such projects as President Franklin D. Roosevelt's plan to increase the number of Justices on the Supreme Court. He refers to this as an effort by Roosevelt "to bring the Supreme Court to its senses," and emphasizes that the opposition came from the ultraconservative, indeed, the reactionary, Right. It is a fact that this effort of Roosevelt's had the convinced opposition of most lawyers and judges, of the law schools, and of some of the country's most liberal judicial minds.

I also find a number of omissions. First, very little is said about the active and well-financed lobbies representing other nations in their efforts to influence American foreign policy. I was able to find only two passing references to the China Lobby. I could find no reference to the lobbying activities on behalf of Spain that were responsible for getting it included in the ECA appropriation bill in 1950, nor could I find mention of a whole collection of other foreign lobbies. The book mentions only in passing, and that with disparagement of its importance, the problem of lobbying by executive agencies of the government.

This is a vital question, since the public-relations representatives and higher officials of these agencies themselves spend a considerable amount of time "giving information" on Capitol Hill. Nor does *The Lobbyists* deal, except in passing, with lobbying inside the executive agencies. The tremendous amount of business done in agencies like the Defense Department and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the crucial rulings handed down by the Interstate Commerce, Federal Trade, Federal Communications, and Securities Exchange Commissions, and by the Civil Aeronautics Board, make this very important.

Lobbyists as Lawyers

This last observation leads me to the main point. Lobbying is good or bad, says the author, depending first upon its methods and second upon its objectives. He juxtaposes, for example, the "perfect lobby" of the National Association of Home Builders, which has opposed the Federal public-housing and slum-clearance programs, and the coalition of civil, religious, veterans', and liberal political organizations that has fought for it. It is a most useful and revealing illustration.

My own experience indicates that the individual legislator has grown considerably toughened to lobbying

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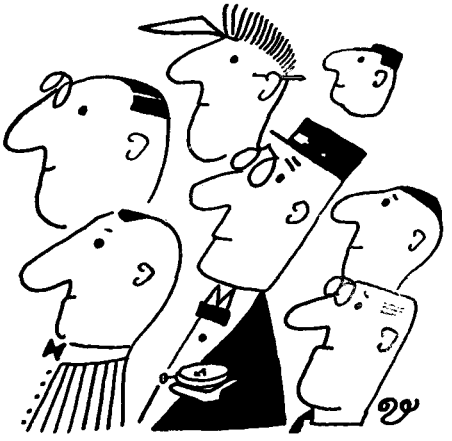


pressures, and has acquired a rather keen discernment as to their *bona fides*. We can, of course, immediately lay aside unethical or dishonest lobbying—bribery, favoritism, and undue influence. Such tactics are easily detected, and any legislator who succumbs to them is unfit to hold his office and unfit to be discussed in this article. But "honest" lobbies working for stated objectives can, on the whole, depending on the diligence, character, and know-how of the legislator, be very useful.

The author speaks of the great pressure groups—industry, management, their bankers, labor, and farmers. It is often important for a legislator to know where each of these groups stands on particular legislation, and why. It is, in a sense, like a judge deciding a case in which the contesting parties and the opposing lawyers bring him conflicting views on just about every issue of fact and law. Indeed, a judge often complains, as does a legislator, that the lawyers (in the legislator's case, the lobbies) are not handling a case adequately when they fail to exhaust the possibilities of their respective sides. In this sense contesting lobbies are useful; and with the rise of the power and influence of trade unions, this is more and more becoming the situation.

Let us take a practical example: A recent bill before the House of Representatives to amend the Railroad Retirement Act found the maintenance unions—clerks, switchmen, etc.—on one side, with the operating unions—locomotive engineers, conductors, etc.—on the other. The details were complex and disputed. Obviously the legislator could only profit from a thorough exposition of both sides of the question by the opposing lobbies, and then make his own decision, indeed after some of his own research.

Needed: A Consumers' Lobby

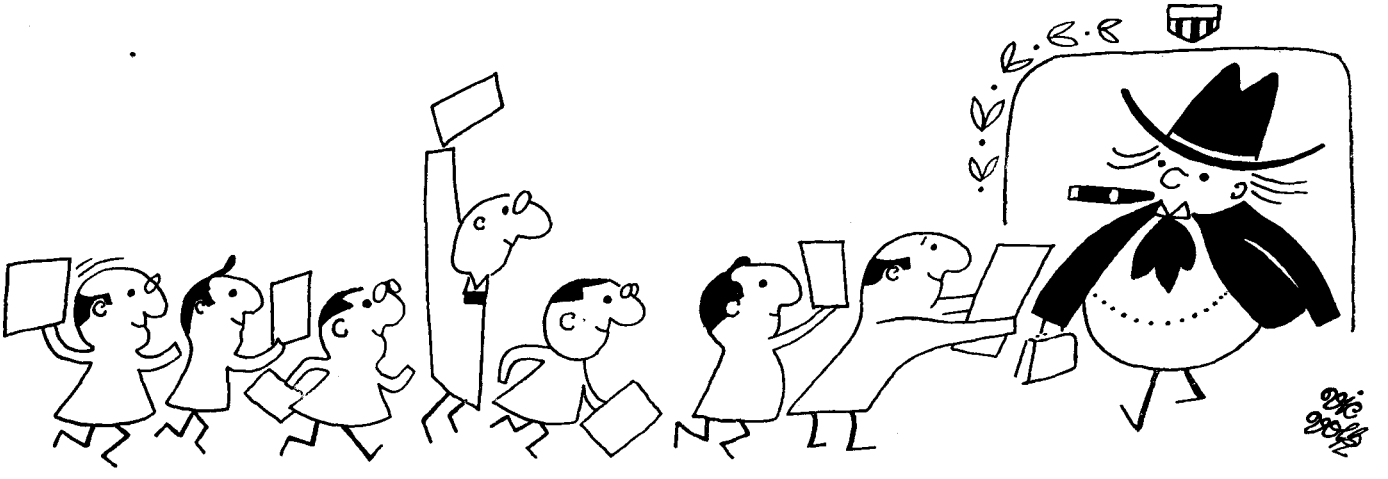
It is regrettable, though, that there is no really effective lobby to represent consumers, or to represent investors as distinguished from management. If that could be accomplished, the legislator could be helped enormously. Of course, the legislator himself ought to represent the consumer, but practically, the recent enactment of amendments to the price-and-wage-stabilization law so inimical to the consumer's interest shows the need for a consumer's lobby even more acutely.

Lobbies can often help a legislator enlist interest and bring about the passage of a desirable bill. That was my experience with the National Housing Conference supported by the veterans' organizations, and various civic organizations while I was sponsoring the slum-clearance and public-housing sections of the housing bill that ultimately became the Housing Act of 1949.

The biggest problem posed by the author is the development of attempts to influence legislators through the influencing of public opinion on a vast scale. This subject is taken up in two magnificent chapters, "Lobbying by the Billions" and "Lobbying by Foundation." Mr. Schriftgiesser discusses the startling magnitude of the operations of the ultra-rightist Committee for Constitutional Government (whose Dr. Edward A. Rumely is under citation for contempt of the Buchanan Committee), and of the distribution of John T. Flynn's book *The Road Ahead*. The C.C.G. is said to have distributed eighty-two million pieces of literature, of which Flynn's book is estimated to have accounted for 12 million. When added to the ostensibly scientific "studies" of the Foundation on Economic Education, these activities are bound to make a formidable impact.

The author is fair enough to describe also the Public Affairs Institute, which is largely backed by the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and puts out scientific studies to buttress the case for liberal legislation. The reader is inevitably reminded of the foreword, with its injunction that only the principle of enforced disclosure can keep pace with the changing nature and fashion of lobbying while preserving the public's Constitutional freedom to engage in it.

I only wish that Mr. Schriftgiesser had laid bare the anatomy and phenomena of lobbying even more than he has in this excellent book, and that he had tried more often to let the reader draw his own conclusions instead of emphasizing his own social views, even though with many, if not with most of them, I happen to agree.



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The Negro at Home and Abroad

A book that uncovers 'the black skeleton in the Old World's closet' prompts a reviewer to some discussion of the one in ours

JAMES BALDWIN

NO GREEN PASTURES, by Roi Ottley. *Scribner's. 234 pp. $3.00.*

MR. OTTLEY takes us through England, France, Italy, Germany, through the Russian-dominated Balkan states, to Greece, Egypt, and Israel, triumphantly uncovering the black skeleton in the Old World's closet. One can scarcely imagine that this will greatly impress the Europeans, who have lived for generations on a continent absolutely phosphorescent with dry bones; but Mr. Ottley, twentieth-century American ("Negro though I am"), does not approve of skeletons, and he makes this disapproval manifest whenever they are found.

Unhappily, all skeletons have their histories, in the face of which nothing is more irrelevant than disapproval—to suggest the first limitation of Mr. Ottley's book. Secondly, he cannot make us believe that any American Negro is any longer allowed the luxury of looking at the world as though it were a simple matter of black against white. Only the backward peoples, i.e., natives under colonial domination, are able to do that. Finally, the journalistic method is not really so flexible as we suppose; it is capable of description but rarely of penetration. Because one feels that Roi Ottley is more intent upon proving his thesis—the existence of racial prejudice in Europe—than he is upon illuminating the root, manner, and reason for this prejudice, the point of *No Green Pastures* is lost: that American Negroes are better off than Negroes anywhere else in the world, and that Europe ought to clean house before trumpeting about our lynchings.

In the first place, racial prejudice in Europe is not news. Such an idea can only spring from an arbitrary juxtaposition of the situations of the Negro in Europe and the Negro in America—or, rather, out of an attempt to consider these two very different situations as though their history and motivations were the same. The racial lexicon of Europe is not that of America, and the significance of the Negro in the European imagination has very little to do with the displacement the Negro causes in the American mind.

According to Mr. Ottley, some Negro soldiers stationed in the Netherlands during the Second World War found, to their "shock" and "humiliation," at a Dutch celebration of Christmas, that a Dutchwoman had blackened her face with cork, impersonating "offensively" the black servant of *Sinterklaas*. But what else is a Dutchwoman likely to know about Negroes except that they are black, and—so far as she is concerned—have always been servants? One can scarcely say that she is actuated by malice against Negroes: She is not even thinking of Negroes; she is celebrating a traditional holiday in traditional fashion. No one, I suppose, will seriously suggest that because we in America no longer blacken our faces with burnt cork—to impersonate, say, Sambo—we are freer from racial prejudice than Europeans. On the contrary: The interracial manners and mores of America are infinitely more complex and cautious and vastly more sophisticated than those of Europe, and this is because America has been forced to contend with a peculiar and centuries-old racial tension which is no part of Europe's history.

For it is not, I trust, impolitic to point out that Negroes are not white but black. And further: According to the criteria of our civilization, and in their own eyes and in the memory of all men living, black men constitute a have-not nation. This is history, a nightmare from which one cannot hope to escape until one has apprehended its inexorable nature. Folklore and custom are the means used by the populace to perpetuate and even to revere their history, to which they owe their identity; and it is therefore fruitless to quarrel with white men because in ritual, myth, and fancy they allocate to black men the role which they have played and still play. This, as I take it, is one of the things that Mr. Ottley is talking about when he speaks of prejudice on the continent and in England. He means that white men harbor, in relation to black men, a certain unconscious assumption of superiority, and that they look upon black men as travelers from another world.

Innocence and Anger

This is, indeed, one of the causes of the bottomless anger of black men: that they have been forced to learn far more about whites than whites have ever found it necessary to learn about them. White men are allowed the luxury of never thinking about blacks at all, until they happen to encounter one; whereas few black men anywhere live for very long without encountering, as an impossible obstacle forever, the idea, the presence, and the power of whites. In the mind of the black man the humanity of the white is never for an instant in question—it is to this

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blind humanity, precisely, that all his plight bears witness. The questions that the Negro lives with are how not to hate the white man, or, otherwise, how to hate him most effectively; how to fool him, cheat him, use him; how, in short, failing the possibility of a general overturn, to wrest for himself in the white man's world an honored place, or at any rate a bearable *Lebensraum*.

For this reason the white man, in his interracial encounters, cannot fail to cause in the breast of the black a certain fury, however deeply this fury may be hidden—when, out of an innocence which can scarcely at first be believed, the white man wishes to discover the spirit, aspirations, and personal history of the black stranger before him. The black, in the face of this innocence, and observing the extent of the white man's misapprehensions, cannot but feel a certain bitter superiority of his own, and a certain contempt. And he cannot but find it very nearly unforgivable that, in the mind of the white man, who has cost him so much, his own humanity should occupy so little place or such a humiliating one. This is an aspect of the interracial reality which nearly everyone in Europe has been able to ignore and which we in America, with dubious success, are perpetually wishing out of existence.

The 'Noble Savage'

But the great difference between the manifestations of race prejudice in Europe and the manifestations of prejudice in America is involved with the power of the human personality—in this context the black personality, a phenomenon with which Europe has never had to cope. The black man in Europe does not, in the first place, live there, and, economic and military necessities aside, he is not really considered a European citizen. He lives in the colonies, which, whatever their importance to the economic well-being and however they may be administered, remain a matter of total indifference to the European man in the street; and he pursues in these colonies a way of life which is an utter and barbaric mystery. The Dutch Zwarte Piet is a far more genuinely mythological figure than the American Sambo—for Black Peter has never threatened the Dutch spiritual or social well-being. He does not live in Dutch houses, or go to Dutch schools, or walk Dutch streets. Few Dutchmen, I should hazard, have ever been forced to find an answer to the exasperating question as to whether or not they would let their sisters marry him. The black man exists for Europe almost entirely in the mind, in which cage he is, not surprisingly, a kind of archetypal Noble Savage, exotic, childlike, backward. Almost never has he leaped out of the image and into life, as so spectacularly happened in America—a country, it is sometimes useful to remember, which was settled by Europeans.

Image of Ignorance

The European image of the black man rests finally, one must say, on ignorance, and, however expedient this ignorance may be, it is sustained by the objective conditions; whereas the American image of the Negro has been created out of our terrible experience, and is sustained by an anguished inability to come to terms with that experience, or to conquer the guilty fear and shame which have been its quite inevitable and self-perpetuating legacy. This heritage deprives us entirely of the kind of racial innocence which one finds in Europe. Europeans can blacken their faces with cork because the black man as a human being has no reality in their lives. He is not one of them. But he is *one of us*—and from this reality there is no escape.

Disastrously enough, this escape seems sometimes to be our most passionate wish. Mr. Ottley, who insists that our heritage is great, yet essays to place himself and us at a vast remove from all its more troubling aspects; which is to say that he does not wish to deal with it in all its implications, and so achieves that flatness of tone which is popularly taken as evidence of an unbiased mind. It is not, for example, enough to suggest that because "the bulk of blacks in Europe is abysmally poor," American Negroes are better off because some are able to drive a Cadillac. The history of the Negro in America is a heavier weight than this celebrated vehicle is able to carry. Both white and black in America, the one to evade his guilt and weight of responsibility, and the other to deny past humiliation and present trouble, make the same great error: the reduction of black-white history in America to a kind of tableau of material progress.

More Than Politeness

This is a mere fragment of the truth, moreover a fragment which, when isolated from its complex of causes (and effects), becomes nothing less than a distortion. Neither the bitterness of our battles nor the reality of our victories can be conveyed in such a formulation, nor can we hope in so inadequate a language to clarify for Europe any of the complexities of American life. "What America has learned about race relations is of vital importance to a multicolored world," runs Mr. Ottley's concluding sentence. This is perfectly true, and yet the reader feels, by the time he has reached it, that all Mr. Ottley means to say is that America has learned that, given education (and the possibility of Cadillacs), American whites and Negroes can be polite to one another. Surely, out of the fantastic racial history acted out on our continent we must make something more meaningful than this. What we can make of our unique experience depends on our willingness to accept the bitterness in which this experience was gained—the price we paid, both black and white, and the effect it has had on us. We look upon this experience with shame, but it is out of what has been our greatest shame that we may be able to create one day our greatest opportunity.

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The Ivy-Covered Fraud

Recent disclosures about intercollegiate athletics point the need for steps toward de-emphasis—which nobody seems ready to take

VIRGINIUS DABNEY

WHEN THE basketball scandals broke in New York last winter, the rest of the country struck a pharisaical pose of righteous indignation. Then it was revealed during the summer that educational institutions in Peoria, Illinois, and Toledo, Ohio, were also involved, and the Pharisees ran for cover. They were busily engaged in thinking up alibis when the staggering announcement came that ninety West Point cadets, including almost the whole football squad, were being dismissed for cribbing.

Next came the revelation that the records of high-school athletes applying for admission to William and Mary, second oldest college in the nation, had been tampered with at the college, and that academic credits had been given to athletes for work they had never done. The public was still reeling from this series of disclosures when the University of Kentucky basketball stars were found to have accepted bribes from gamblers.

Sooner or later, the shock had to come. A few institutions have refused to take part in the high-pressure, commercialized, win-at-any-cost intercollegiate athletic system, but a much larger number have been either unable or unwilling to put a stop to the flagrant violation of eligibility rules, the blatant buying up of athletes, and the granting of special academic dispensations to these brawny young men.

J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI and no novice at interpreting criminal trends, told a Senate subcommittee that the basketball bribery is traceable, in part, to the "hypocrisy and sham" of colleges and universities and their executives in not living up to their own codes of ethics.

Even athletic directors and sports writers, who have traditionally defended "athletic scholarships" as a means whereby "poor but worthy boys can get an education," have joined in the chorus of criticism. Athletic Director and Head Coach Frank Moseley of Virginia Polytechnic Institute has called the basketball scandals "a direct carry-over from the practice of proselyting high school athletes." He adds that "when we bribe a boy to attend a particular institution, we are setting him up for other bribers."

How It's Done

A favorite device for extending such bids to promising athletes is to establish a "foundation," which collects enormous sums of money from alumni and business interests. A typical agency of the sort for buying up agile young men on the hoof is that in operation at the University of North Carolina. Called the Educational Foundation, it solicits alumni and other interested persons regularly, and maintains a large reserve. Contributions to this philanthropic enterprise are, of course, deductible from one's income for Federal tax purposes.

The bids which today are made by the more eminent football factories for promising talent run high into the thousands of dollars. Down payments of ten thousand dollars, an automobile, an apartment, and other concessions are claimed to have been made to likely "amateurs."

The frenzy to build bigger and bigger stadiums, to pile up larger and larger gate receipts, and to win at all costs, so that the team may end its season gloriously in something called a

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"bowl," has taken possession of most centers of what was once known as higher learning.

On the Hoof

Hiring a herd of muscular gridiron warriors was expensive enough in the good old days, but now exactly twice as many have to be hired, since the "platoon system" calls for an entire offensive team and an entire defensive team. Most coaches, moreover, insist that every man on the squad hold an "athletic scholarship." It gives the coach better control over the players. It also tends to discourage young men who simply enjoy the game.

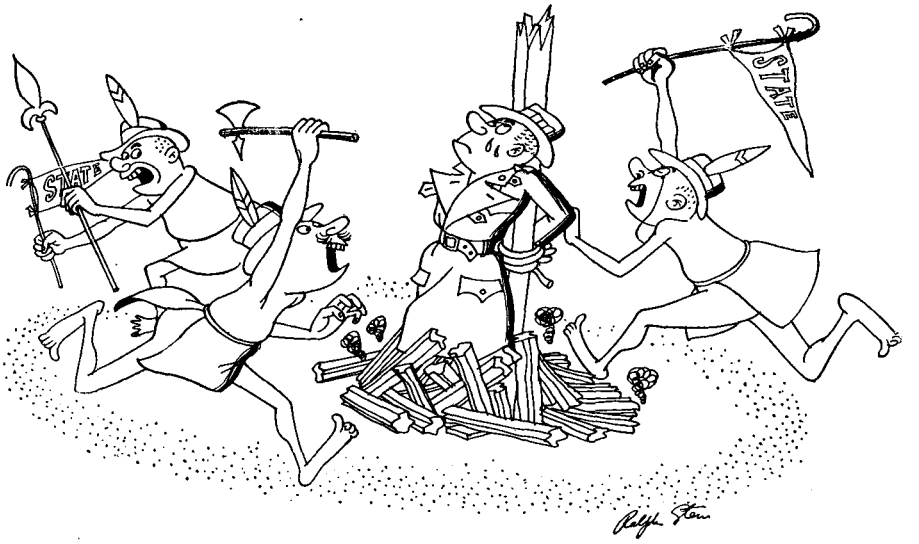
Even before commercialism and professionalism in football reached their present peaks, a great many football players objected to the everlasting pressure to which they were subjected. George Owen, Harvard's famous All-America fullback of the early 1920's, wrote a magazine article in 1925 in which he spoke of the "terrific grind" necessary to keep in the running, and said that, in his opinion, "the majority of college football players do not enjoy playing the game." He recalled a famous coach who made a preliminary "fight talk" to a team two hours before an important contest in which he said: "I don't want to see a smile on any one of your faces from now until game time." Owen added that "the possibility of failure preys on the mind of the player and his capacity for enjoyment . . . is, in many cases, completely lost."

In 1929, Benny Friedman, Michigan's all-America quarterback, gave a newspaper interview in which he said the demands made upon players by alumni, friends, and the general public, and the immense publicity surrounding important games, ruined the pleasure of the players.

If such evils existed in the past, it is not difficult to imagine what goes on today when recruiting practices are better organized, far more money is paid for stars, much bigger sums are invested in athletic dormitories, training tables, and equipment, and the enormous stadiums that have been built in all parts of the nation are packed on Saturdays with howling crowds.

'A Bag of Wind'

With the emergence of American football in the late nineteenth century, efforts were made to keep the game



within bounds. One of the first to strike a blow in this cause was President Andrew D. White of Cornell. When the Cornell team was invited to play Michigan at Cleveland, White delivered his memorable and oft-quoted manifesto: "I will not permit thirty men to travel four hundred miles merely to agitate a bag of wind."

As long ago as 1906, leading universities adopted the rule that no freshman could play on the varsity and various other reforms designed to cope with the "too evident desire to win at all hazards, the extraordinary luxury of the training equipment, and the enormous gate-receipts of many of the large institutions."

Football has come a long way since that day. Arnold Toynbee reports in *A Study of History:* "The writer . . . recalls two football grounds he visited on the campuses of two colleges in the United States. One of them was floodlighted in order that football players might be manufactured by night as well as by day, in continuous shifts. The other was roofed over in order that practice might go on, whatever the weather. It was said to be the largest span of roof in the world, and its erection had cost a fabulous sum. Round the sides were ranged beds for the reception of exhausted or wounded warriors. On both these American grounds I found that the players were no more than an infinitesimal fraction of the total student body; and I was also told that these boys looked forward to the ordeal of playing in a match with much the same apprehension as their elder brothers had felt when they went into the trenches in 1918. In truth, this Anglo-Saxon football was not a game at all."

The latest attempt to restrain this frenzy was the so-called Sanity Code, framed by the National Collegiate Athletic Association and applicable to its hundreds of members. Among other things, it laid down regulations on recruiting and assisting college athletes. This effort failed, like all the others, when a few of the members refused to lie about subsidizing football players; their love of veracity brought a determined effort to expel them from the organization.

"At first, one finds consolation in the thought that only seven colleges out of more than 300 are too uppity to lie about what they're doing," wrote Red Smith, the talented sports columnist for the New York *Herald Tribune.* "However, these encouraging figures are not to be trusted. It seems at least ten other foundries of learning have been accused of operating above the board, but they cannot be tried during the current meeting [1950] because the charges against them were not filed early enough. . . . Thus it is pretty plain that the practice of honesty is spreading dangerously."

Those who preferred loneliness to hypocrisy were very nearly thrown out of the organization. But a two-thirds vote was required, and so the attempt was beaten, even though the vote for removal was 111-93. A year later the Sanity Code was abandoned.

Fear of Failure

One result of the insistence on winning is a rapid turnover of coaches. At Ohio State, for example, five have come and

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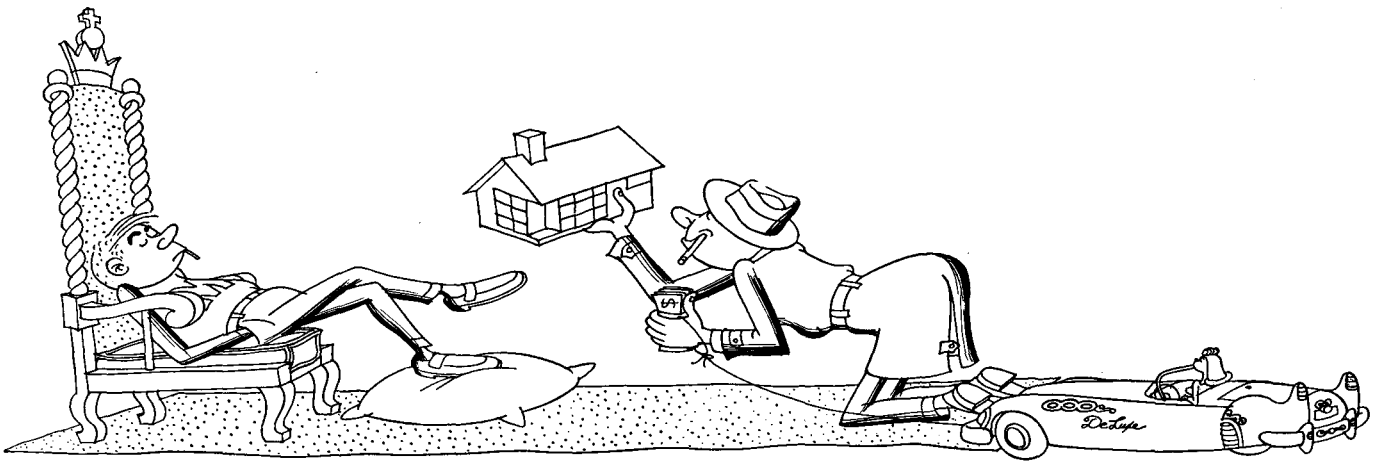

gone in the past ten years. Wes Fesler resigned last year on the verge of a nervous breakdown, although his team had won in the Rose Bowl against California the previous year and finished in a tie for first place in the Big Ten last year. Bernie Bierman was forced out at Minnesota, where his remarkable team and its many triumphs were all forgotten because of his failure to win the Big Ten championship in recent years. Harry Stuhldreher was ousted at Wisconsin for similar reasons, after his wife had been insulted by anonymous letters and telephone calls, his children had been jeered at in school, and the whole family had been almost ostracized.

Most of the bribery scandals had to do with basketball, but much more money is bet on football. Gambling syndicates circulate their "cards," or tokens of bets made, in thousands of communities during the football season. There is an elaborate intelligence system, with witting or unwitting agents on campuses throughout the land. Reports are sent in on injuries to players, the morale of the teams, and other salient facts which seem likely to influence the outcome of games. With millions of dollars involved in the outcome of games, it will be a miracle if college football escapes. Two high-school players in Danbury, Connecticut, were offered a bribe to "throw" a game only a few weeks ago.

A Way Out

There appear to be signs and portents indicating that the high-pressure teams are beginning to price themselves out of the market. This, combined with the threat of television on the gate, could bring substantial changes.

The director of athletics at Ohio State said not long ago, "Football is being ruined. It's getting completely out of hand. It's a Frankenstein monster. It is killing itself." Maybe television will kill it off as it is, and we can start all over and build it up without all this overemphasis.

General Robert R. Neyland, whose University of Tennessee team defeated Texas in the Cotton Bowl last New Year's Day, predicted gloomily a few weeks thereafter that dark days lie before us. "There aren't a whole lot of schools that made money last fall out of football," said the general. "The gate has begun to fall off. In the days that are immediately ahead there is reason to believe the gate will suffer more. I do not recall a time when the outlook was any darker."

Bobby Dodd, head coach and athletic director at Georgia Tech, issued a jeremiad a few months ago in which he viewed the two-platoon system with vast alarm. It appears that Tech has gone in for acquiring promising amateurs wholesale; its football squad for 1951 numbers over a hundred players and a dozen coaches, whereas in 1945 there were only fifty players and six coaches. Dodd ululated that his institution was going broke.

A few institutions have met the evils of high-pressure commercialization in a drastic but effective way. Georgetown, St. Mary's in California, the University of Nevada, and more than a dozen other centers of learning have dropped intercollegiate football since the close of the 1950 season. It is doubtful whether so many colleges and universities have ever abandoned the game before in a single year.

Emory University, near Atlanta, was the pioneer in this regard, having banned intercollegiate football and baseball sixty years ago. Emory has what is probably the best intramural program in the United States. Johns Hopkins has an excellent noncommercial program of intercollegiate athletics, with no athletic scholarships and no admission charge for home games. The University of Chicago gave up football years ago.

Commissioners of the ten major athletic conferences, meeting at Colorado Springs, recommended restrictions upon, or elimination of, out-of-season practice in all sports, curtailment of sports schedules, and preservation of institutional control of athletics, free from alumni and other pressure. More recently, the heads of the institutions in the Southern Conference announced that they had agreed on a somewhat similar program, which will be presented at the conference's annual meeting in December.

Adoption of such programs by the various conferences would be an important step forward. There is no assurance, however, that any such thing will happen.

It certainly will not happen unless college and university presidents throw themselves wholeheartedly into the effort. The faculty of William and Mary adopted some ringing resolutions advocating de-emphasis, but the president and board remain to be heard from.

The time has come for plain speaking, and for action in correcting a situation which has been permitted to drift close to grave danger. The cause is a worthy one. It is as worthy as the high standards of honor and character which the colleges and universities of America have sought to inculcate through the years.

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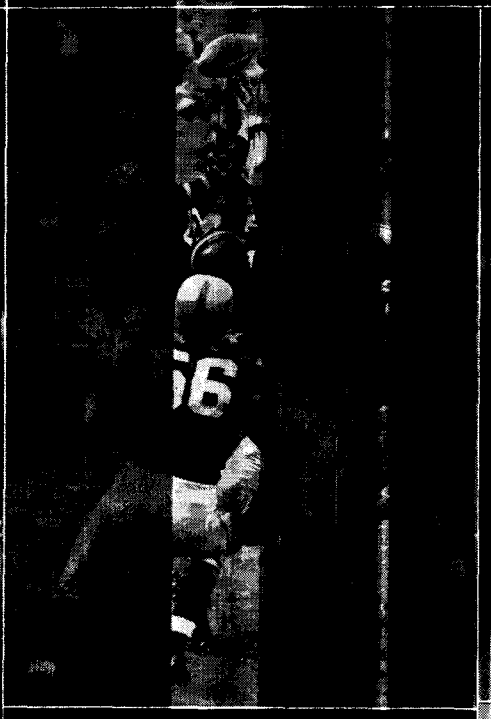
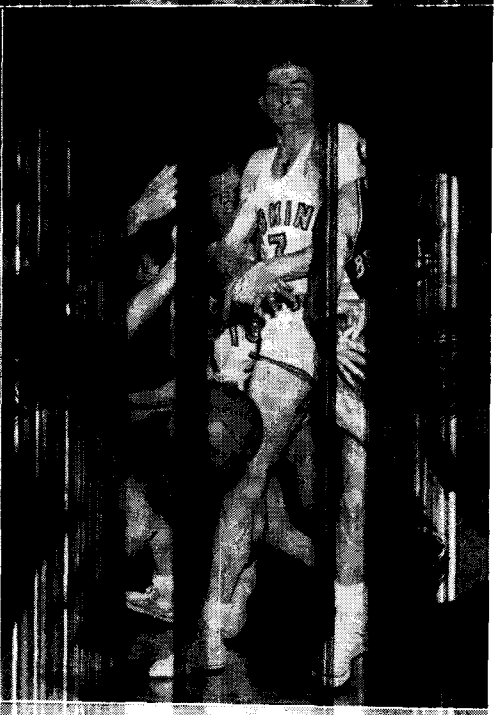

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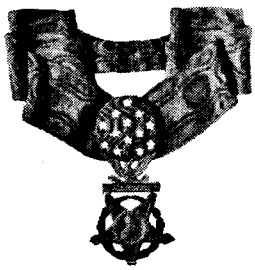
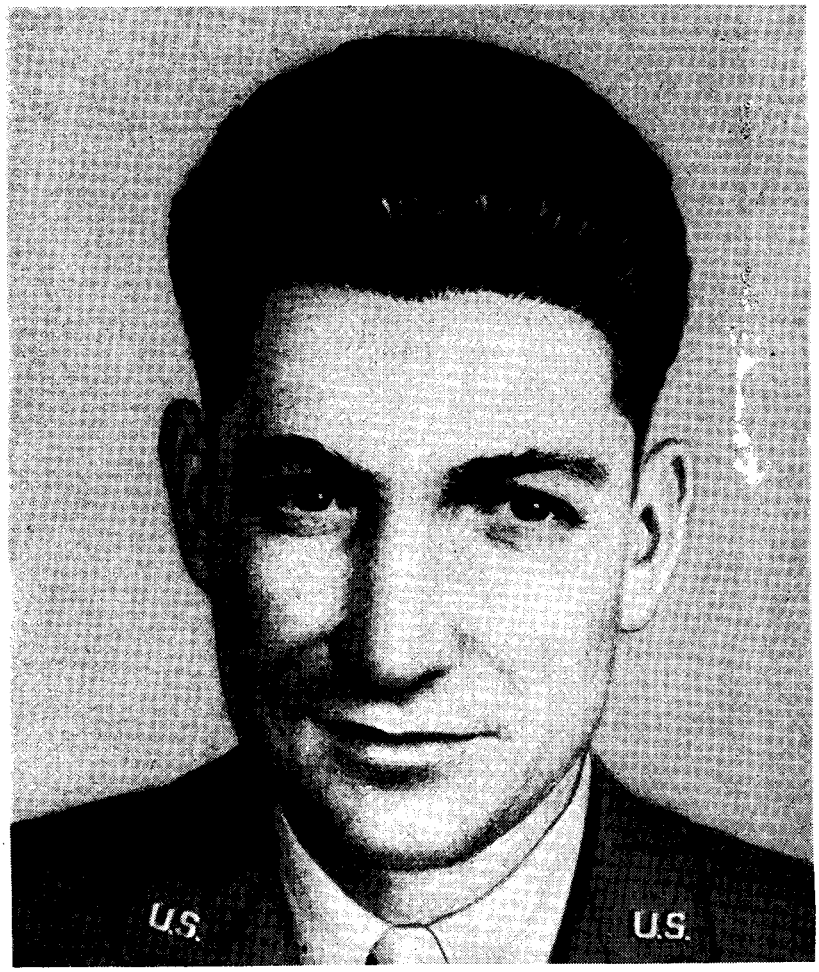
Medal of Honor





Lieutenant Frederick Henry of Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor for sacrificing himself to save his platoon in combat near Am-Dong, Korea, September 1, 1950. When the platoon could no longer hold its position, Lieutenant Henry ordered the men to pull back. But someone had to stay behind to provide covering fire. He chose to be that man, and was lost.

Always remember this—Lieutenant Henry offered his life for more than just a small platoon in far-away Korea. It was also for America. For you.

Isn't there something you can do when this man did so much? Yes, there is. You can help keep the land he loved solid and strong and secure. You can do a job for defense . . . by buying United States Defense* Bonds, *now!* For your bonds give your country greater strength. And a strong America is your best hope for peace and freedom—just as it was his.

Defense is your job, too. For the sake of *every* man in service, and for ***yours***, start buying more United States Defense Bonds now.

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

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